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AMONG THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS.

III.

POACHING, AND FIRE-FESTIVALS.

WE would prefer in these papers to mention only the light and cheerful in the lives of these highlanders, but it is forbidden that we should do so, inasmuch as this ad-

scribing the Greek peasants and ignoring at the same time Greek brigandage.

From the earliest times a love of poaching distinguished these highland-dwellers.

boundless peaks and crags of their wild homes; and they have always forborne to teach to their children the slightest legal respect for the delegates of the lords and the government.



POACHERS.

venturous and criminal phase of their history is a very prominent one, and to describe the dwellers among the Bavarian Alps without referring to "poaching" would be like de-

The people, having almost unquestioned freedom in all other respects, found it impossible to understand the virtue of game-laws, or that unseen individuals had rights among the

The bracing air that they breathe, the athletic exercises that they needs must take, the long ranges that their eyes are afforded, the tremendous action of the storms, the

whole general spirit of Nature, which is at once so free and so vigorous, impregnate them with a love of freedom and peril that all the laws and bailiffs cannot destroy.

They say to each other, "Game is free; game has no owner."—"What is wild is ours if we can take it, as it is another man's if he can take it;" and, resting upon these dogmas, no man can reprove them. They possess a sure, hard-headed logic, and all the extremities that they are pushed to in the pursuit of quarry is so much added, in their estimation, to the mountain of oppression that is heaped upon them.

There have developed out of this state of affairs, and naturally enough, two hard, rough classes, the poachers and the keepers, and the war that they make upon each other is savage and deadly. To have had an affray with a game-officer is to be sure of one's love with the sweetheart in the village; to have surrendered to a keeper is to lose all one's honor and hopes of peace among the maids and lads in that country-side.

What will not the heart-fever compel a man to do on a pinch! A few years ago a brave fellow, well known all up and down his valley, was caught in the act, and with the proofs of his theft at his feet. A game-keeper arose out of the bushes beside him and called upon him to surrender. Surrender!—surrender was disgrace in his family, shame among his fellows, incarceration in a frightful jail.

On one side was a terrible precipice, on the other was his enemy. There was no time for consideration. The cliff was seven fathoms high, beneath were huge masses of broken rock. To leap down seemed to invoke instant death. But the disgrace? Impossible! The poor fellow sidled to the very brink of the abyss and measured its depths with furtive glances: "Jesus, Maria, Joseph, help!" he cried, in desponding accents, and took the fatal leap. One moment his body hovered in the air, one hand clutching at a bush—the next the bush swung back, the man was gone.

The old forester stood rooted to the spot, and he muttered under his breath, "Dismal krieget der Teufel einen warmen Braten" ("The devil will have a hot supper this time").

But he was aroused by a shout from below. He gazed downward, full of miserable thoughts. It was his prisoner flying like lightning over the rocks, skipping from one to the other like a chamois.

He turned about and waved his hat:

"Good-evening, Herr Förster; many thanks for letting me out of your clutches. I have one request to make—It is for your own sake, not mine: don't jump over the precipice, I beg of you; it's dreadfully bad for the feet," and, with another hurrah, he disappeared in the forest. The game-keeper, mad with rage, forgot his remorse, and heartily cursed the lad he had pitied but a moment before. "I'll be even with you yet," he cried aloud, but meanwhile he couldn't help envying the boy his elastic body.

Of course, there are kings among the poachers, fellows of great bodily activity, possessing great boldness and shrewdness.

The mountains are full of the stories of the deeds of these Robin Hoods, and mingled with the grandsires' tales there are many traces of belief in witchcraft and charms, and all the old-time superstitions. It does not take many successful adventures to elevate a peasant into the religious half-light of heroism, and his name grows to be a household word for all the virtues.

A traveler tells a very graphic story of the death of one of the worst, but, at the same time, one of the boldest of these mountain "ne'er-do-weels."

"THE LIFE OF A MOUNTAIN ROBBER."

"It was about the end of October, when the hoar-frost had begun to whiten the fields and footsteps to echo from the hard ground. I had been to a wood-cutter's hut far up in the mountains, and I did not start for home until nearly midnight. I had about two leagues to walk, and the road led for some distance through the forest, and then skirted round the lake, on the farther side of which lay my house. I dawdled carelessly along, for it was a beautiful starlight night, and the moon was at her first quarter. On either side of the path rose gloomy fir-trees, the branches creaked softly as leaf after leaf fell to the ground; the keen night-wind blew in my face, and the deepest stillness reigned around. Suddenly I heard steps behind me; but no one was to be seen. I quickened my pace, but whoever it was gained upon me rapidly, and soon caught up with me. In a rough voice, he wished me 'Good-night,' and I examined him closely. He wore the ordinary costume of a peasant, but he was more squarely built, and his manner was more gloomy than is usual among the boors of the district. The 'Rucksack' hung at his back, and he held a broad-axe in his hand. There was certainly something criminal in his appearance, and the darkness did not improve him. 'Good-night' from him sounded almost ironical, for I at least felt far from comfortable.

"Of course, we pursued our way side by side, and I could not help feeling that, however unpleasant it might be to be out on the mountains alone at night, it was far worse to have such a companion. I involuntarily associated the sharp edge of his axe with my own neck. 'Well,' thought I, 'we shall see.'

"What struck me most about him was a certain boastful tone not at all natural to a peasant, who is generally very reserved with strangers, and inclined rather to under- than to overrate himself. Except for this, he seemed a sensible fellow enough, and now and then expressed quite refined and chivalrous sentiments. Only once did he let fall a word which threw a faint light on his real character. When we came in sight of the rugged rocks of the Halserspitze, he pointed to them, and said: 'There lies one whom I sent in,' at the same time making a gesture in imitation of a marksman taking aim. 'Indeed!' I replied, in a faint voice, thinking to myself, 'Matters are improving, certainly.'

"Silently we trudged along, side by side. Every remark he made I at once agreed to—in fact, I was as 'amiable' as possible; but when we came to the precipice overhanging the lake, I managed to slip to the other side

of my companion. At last we neared our house. Dangerous as it had seemed to be out alone with the man, it seemed still more perilous to try to get rid of him; yet I was unwilling to let him know where I lived, and to turn my back on him to open the door. My heart beat audibly when I at last stopped at the low garden-gate.

"'Ah, that's where you live, is it?' cried my friend; 'then you're one of the climbing fellows?'

"'Yes, I am,' I replied; 'and now tell me where you live, and who you are, that we may know each other again when next we meet?'

"'Oh, I'm Franzl!' he replied, with a mysterious smile. 'Good-night.'

"He lounged away, but I dashed into the house and banged the door after me, feeling as if 'Franzl' had pushed in with me, and was following me up-stairs. It was half-past one.

"The next morning there was a rumor afloat in the Tegernsee district that Wiesbauer Franzl was about again. He had escaped from prison, and returned to the mountains by way of Lenggries. I shuddered; there could be no doubt that I had had the honor of his company the night before. The descriptions of him, and his laugh at parting, all pointed to the same conclusion. So my new friend's proper 'home' was in prison.

"Franzl was the son of a pauper-peasant of the Miesbach Parish, and had early given proof of his laudable abilities. Constantly in disgrace for poaching, he gradually sank from poetic to prosaic theft, and from petty stealing to highway robbery. Fear is generally unknown to the Bavarian Highlanders, but a kind of mysterious horror became associated with his name. He never remained long in one place—he was here, there, and everywhere. His haunts were known to none, but he was the dread of every one, far and near, and he at last created a positive terrorism. In the middle of the night Franzl would appear at some house, knock at the door, and arouse the inmates. The mistress must get up, light the fire, and cook a meal for the intruder, while he sat on the hearth and chatted pleasantly to her. He did not steal for the sake of stealing; he merely asked for what he wanted when he required it. His demands were complied with readily enough, for people were intimidated by the boldness of his manner. If he was well received, he behaved like a guest, and made himself at home. He never took from those who could not afford to give; but if rich people showed any hesitation, he would vow, with awful curses, to set fire to their houses and burn down the whole village. He was a genuine freebooter of the old type, generous or revengeful, as it happened to suit him.

"After a great deal of trouble, he was at last captured and lodged in the jail of the principal town; but, with desperate courage, he managed to escape by letting himself down outside the prison from a height of several stories. Once on firm ground, he was soon off to the mountains; and again the name of Wiesbauer Franzl was in every mouth, while the old horror returned with redoubled force

It was unfortunate for me that I was now numbered among his acquaintances, for I feared that he would avail himself of the privilege to invite himself to supper some fine night.

"Very soon he gave me fresh uneasiness. I was alone at home one evening, sitting at work near the lamp, when my old maid-servant ran in, and said, in a frightened whisper, 'Only think! there's been some one sitting on the door-step for the last quarter of an hour! I've watched him from the kitchen-window, and I'm afraid it's Wiesbauer Franzl. Jesus, Maria, Joseph!' she added, 'he's sure to knock presently, and want to come in!'

"Annoyed and curious, I hurried up-stairs in the dark, meaning to open the window softly and reconnoitre my visitor, as it might be only a harmless journeyman availing himself of a convenient resting-place; but, in spite of my caution, the stranger heard me open the window, and looked up without changing his position or uttering a word.

"It was 'Wiesbauer Franzl.' To propitiate him, I spoke first, saying, with assumed friendliness, 'Do you want any thing, Franzl? Are you hungry? shall I bring you some food?' But the rogue replied, with a stoical shake of the head, 'You need't trouble to do that, Karl; I've had my supper, and I've got farther to go to-night. I'm only resting a bit.' Soon afterward he got up and went his way.

"When the first snow fell I left my summer residence and went back to the town, but my friend Franzl remained in the mountains and continued his requisitions. I did not learn his further adventures until my return the next year.

"One day, after an afternoon nap, he fell into the hands of the bailiffs. He was triumphantly lodged in the county jail, and every one breathed more freely, although no one felt perfectly safe even then, so indomitable was his bearing.

"Fresh alarm was soon created on his account. The very next morning had scarcely dawned before the jailer was at the doctor's door, tugging at the bell like a madman. 'Make haste, doctor, make haste!' he cried. 'Franzl has hung himself in the night. I was on my rounds, and I've just found him hanging from one of the window-bars. He was stone cold, so I didn't cut him down.' The doctor rushed to the prison and found every thing exactly as he had been told. In a fit of the wild despair which comes over energetic natures when all escape seems cut off, the bold robber had determined to make an end of himself. The doctor at once cut the linen noose, cold water was thrown into the poor fellow's face; but it was all in vain, he gave no sign of returning animation. The news spread like wildfire from place to place, and people said it was Franzl's first useful action. 'If he's really gone,' croaked some, 'the devil is not to be trusted until he is actually in his grave.'

"Meanwhile, preparations were made for the dissection, and the attendants were about to undress the corpse when, behold! the eyelids trembled, the muscles quivered, and the dead was restored to life. It was high time,

for the dissecting-knife lay ready upon the table. And so the vital force of the young criminal had triumphed over his will, and, in spite of all his efforts, he found himself still on this side the grave.

"He was restored to consciousness with every care, and taken back to his cell, to be forwarded the next day to Munich, as none of the authorities cared to have the responsibility of him; the prison itself seemed unsafe as long as he was in it. He himself was doggedly submissive, and seemed to be in very low spirits. Instead of rejoicing in his restoration to life, he was evidently meditating some other desperate scheme.

"The next day a farmer's cart was hired, and Franzl, bound hand and foot, was placed in it. The people stared inquisitively at the notorious prisoner, and the equipage slowly ascended the precipitous road above the lake. Suddenly a slight snap was heard, the fetters were broken, the cart jerked violently, and the culprit was gone! Head foremost he plunged into the lake; for a moment the waves closed over him, the next he was swimming rapidly away. As none of his escort could follow, or rather as all shrunk from a hand-to-hand struggle in the water, a boat was got ready for the pursuit.

"In spite of the start he had had, the sturdy rowers soon caught up with the fugitive. But what then? At first he dived to baffle his enemies, but, his breath being soon exhausted, a fearful conflict ensued. As it was impossible to reach him by other means, some of the men struck him on the head with their oars whenever he came to the surface of the water, hoping by this means to stun him. But his iron skull was not to be cracked, and as for seizing him and dragging him into the boat, that was quite out of the question, for he presently flung himself upon it like a maniac and tried to capsize it. The danger was now all on the side of the pursuers. A storm was rising, and it was found advisable to relinquish the pursuit for the time. With considerable difficulty the little boat regained the shore, while the fugitive found a safe place of concealment among the tall rushes on the banks of the lake. When it was quite dark he crept out, and decided that it would be good policy to disappear for a time. For weeks nothing further was heard of him, and it was thought by many that he had perished in the storm. But suddenly he reappeared as though he had risen from the ground. He was not improved. Indeed, his hatred of all legal and peaceable occupations seemed to have been intensified by his late adventures. He took up the feud with society with greater ferocity than ever, and he was now always accompanied by a four-footed friend—a huge yellow wolf-hound, who followed close at his heels. He would lick the robber's hand lovingly, and look inquiringly up into his face; but he was as misanthropically disposed toward all the rest of the world as his master. The devotion was mutual: Franzl always gave the first mouthful of the food he 'requisitioned' for himself to Wolf, and Wolf showed his teeth, without any sign from his master, if any one hesitated to comply with his demands.

"The dog was the only creature for whom

the reckless criminal retained any affection, and it was evident that neither of the friends would care to survive the other. Franzl became more and more overbearing and exacting, and the terror among the people increased in proportion. One night he again aroused the wife of a peasant, and ordered her to cook him some food. Trembling, she appeared at the window, and refused to comply with the extraordinary request. He was standing below the balcony, and as she spoke he flung his great knife into the house with such force that it went through the wall. 'You saw it, didn't you?' he shouted, in a menacing voice. 'Next time it will go through your body!' and with that he turned on his heel, followed by his dog, snarling and foaming at the mouth.

"All search for him was in vain; in fact, it is but labor lost to endeavor to track a rogue in his own mountains. He had long been an outlaw in public opinion, and at last, as all other means failed, a price was set on his head. There was nothing else left to be done.

"At a certain spot where two roads meet stands a large, lonely inn, conducted in quite the old style, with oaken tables and earthenware drinking-vessels. On the wall of the public-room hang the carriers' notices, beneath the stove snores the watch-dog, and the host is the despotic sovereign whose authority is never questioned.

"One evening a few travelers were assembled in this room, wearing their picturesque hats with the jaunty feather pulled forward. Suddenly the door opened, and a sturdy-looking fellow walked in and sat down with the rest. They all knew who it was as well as we do.

"It was the very day on which the writ against him had been issued. 'Franzl!' cried one, 'do you know that a price is set upon your head?' 'Whoever takes you will get fifty Gulden,' added another. 'I should think you were glad of that, for folks say you're worth nothing!' Everybody laughed. Franzl, however, did not move a muscle; but stood with arms akimbo, and cried scornfully, 'Well, here I am; any one with a knife and no money is welcome to me.'

"Every one remained seated, but the wolf-dog growled from beneath the table as if he understood what was going on. Without another word, Franzl resumed his seat, and went on drinking and chatting pleasantly as had been his wont of old. He was, however, rather more subdued than formerly, and in about half an hour he laid a Kreuzer on the table, and went out into the darkness without a word of farewell, but the dog turned at the door to snarl and show his great fangs.

"He took no pleasure in cards to-day,' observed one who had proposed an interdicted game of chance to him. 'It isn't likely,' replied his neighbor, 'that a fellow whose own game is up is likely to care much for any other.' And they drew their chairs more closely together, and whispered, 'He won't pull through this time.' 'Dead or alive,' says the writ, muttered one under his breath.

"Two days later Franzl once more knocked

at the door of a peasant's house. It was in the neighborhood of Gmunden, on that lofty pass which encircles the mountain like a chain, and stretches from Tegernsee toward Miesbach. When the housewife came to the door she recognized the outlaw at once, but, concealing her alarm, she treated him as a poor traveler, and asked him into the house. Meanwhile her husband called in the neighbors to his assistance. Silently they crept through the back-door into the stable, and

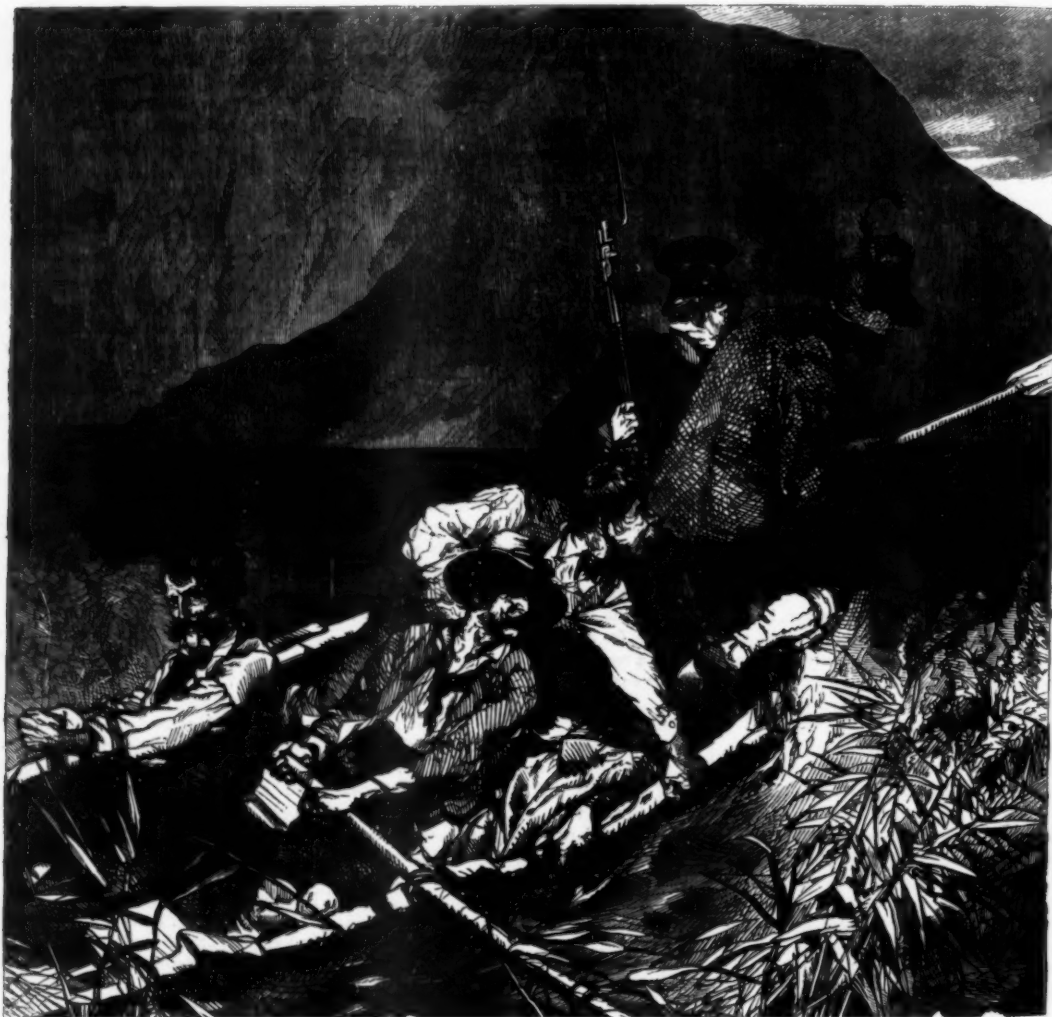
longer,' thought the young warrior to himself, 'so I'd better put him out of the way at once.'

"My double-barreled gun hangs behind the stove," whispered the master of the house, and a breathless silence ensued.

"Meanwhile Franzl had finished his dinner, and prepared to take leave. 'God bless you!' he exclaimed to his hostess; 'and, if you are asked who your guest was, you can say it was the Wiesbauer rogue!'

he fell to the ground like a tree smitten by an axe, the blood gushing from his mouth, and his hands tearing up the earth.

"At him, Wolf!" he cried, with his last breath; and the poor dog dashed at the open window, foaming with rage. Another crack, and the second discharge was lodged in the faithful creature's body. With the death-rattle in his throat, he managed to drag himself to his master's side, and after a few convulsive struggles he expired."



PURSUIT OF THE ROBBER.

consulted how best to overpower the unfortunate Franzl. No one had courage enough to volunteer, and murmurs arose of "Dead or alive," says the writ; how would it do to shoot him down?"

"Among those assembled was a young soldier, a capital shot, who had left his regiment but a few days before. He judged the case according to martial law, and was of opinion that the reward would be paid for killing, not capturing, the accused. 'He's sure to kill some one else if he lives any

"With these words he left the house, but a slight figure slipped in from the other door, wearing the blue soldier's-cap. Noiselessly he took down the weapon, and hid it beneath the window-sill. Then the little lattice opened softly, and a voice cried, 'Not so fast, Franzl; stop, or I fire!'

"Franzl turned round with a scornful laugh: 'Any one who wants me had better come out to me; I dance attendance upon no one!'

"Another step; a whizzing report; and

There still exist among the Bavarian Highlanders some traces of that primitive but natural phase of religion—the fire-worship. To be sure, the ceremonies that are now performed are few and simple compared with those of a hundred years ago, but in some places the rites are yet very dramatic and interesting. In the Harz Mountains, on the Rhine, and in Westphalia, we find the "Judas"-fire; and in Southern Germany—particularly in Upper Bavaria—the "Easter" and "St.-John's" fires. The former are

lighted in the night of Easter-Eve, after the "Resurrection" is over, and are most prevalent in the western angle of the mountains, although they are to be found very frequently in the lowlands and in Swabia. On the 23d of July, St.-John's Eve, the solstice bonfires are lighted, and great is the sight in the mountains, where one's eyes have a long range, for the lurid fires leap up from peak to peak, and, beginning at one's feet with a tremendous fluttering and glaring of flames, they dwindle rapidly, and become at last but twinkling stars in the distance.

In former days, the importance of these fires as helps to devotion was very great, but this harder and more rational age has stripped them of most of their value in this respect, though enough formality to render them interesting yet remains.

The most important custom of all, the so-called "wheel-driving," is still practised.

A round target-shape, cut from a wooden water-pipe or old cart-wheel, is daubed with pitch, and stuck on a long pole. Sometimes an arrow dipped in an oily substance is also used. When the St.-John's fire is lighted, the burning wheel is whirled round and round, and is flung through the air, describing glowing circles. As it rushes along, the wheel-driver repeats a verse containing the name of a person to whom the wheel is dedicated. Many of these verses are still extant, and in them is found a strange medley of persons venerated. At one time, when the religious element predominated, the fire was blessed by the priest, and the name of the Holy Trinity was pronounced. But at Nauders, in the Tyrol, a wheel was formerly driven in honor of the devil, and the circles it formed in the air were said to be interminable. Gradually, however, human interest got the upper hand, and now young fellows generally shout out the name of their sweethearts:

"Whither shall I send thee,
O my precious wheel?
To Mittenwald, to Lixzie fair,
The only maid for whom I care."

Like many other customs, this wheel-driving provided a means of public censure. The wheels of fallen women were flung in derision, and awkward people were held up to ridicule. A verse has been handed down, in which a wheel is dedicated to some one who had led a goaling to water with a string.

The earliest records of the knead-fire* connect it with the burning of witches. These unhappy creatures are mentioned in many of the verses which have been handed down to us, and in many neighborhoods, even recently, a straw doll was thrown into the flames, in consideration of the absence of a witch in the flesh. The mugwort, a magical remedy in cases of sickness, was also flung in. It was the general custom to take a charred log from the knead-fire, and preserve it on the hearth at home, or bury it the same day in the flax-field. A special meaning was also assigned to jumping over the fire. The higher a man jumped, the higher his flax would grow

* The English name for the fire of the summer solstice. The designation comes from the process of procuring the first spark by "kneading" two bits of wood together, it being deemed that a light thus obtained has special virtues.

that year. Everywhere, however—but especially in the Bavarian Highlands—the old meaning of the St.-John's fire is quite lost, although the custom itself is retained.

The true home of the ceremony, as it yet exists, is in the district overlooked by the Karwandel Mountains, but it still blazes on the 23d of July in Grünwald, Mittenwald, and in the east from Watzmann to the Benediktenwand. It is a beautiful sight from the valley, and the long rows of illuminated points are visible from an immense distance.

But the people who light them do not like to have the townsfolk present. Likely enough they are more than half distrustful of the dignity of their pleasure, and dislike to be participants in a barbaric and unintelligible custom. All sorts of obstacles are thrown in the way of strangers, and innkeepers try to dissuade travelers from excursions to the scenes of the festivity.

A little hardihood, however, commonly carries one where he wishes to go, and it may not be wrong to describe a picture of the building of the knead-fire for its own good sake:

The peasants begin to meet, after sunset, high up on the side of some chosen hill, and the men carry huge burdens of wood upon their muscular backs. It is strange to see, in the gloaming, a score or two scores of Titans coming up over some rocky slope, showing their strange figures perhaps against the sky, and bearing terrible burdens that city-men would tremble to think of.

The low Alpine grass waves in the wind, the tinkling bells on the necks of the cattle give forth a sweet, short sound, the twilight deepens, the shadows grow dense, and the forms of those that make up the wild group grow dim and mystical.

A huge pile is made under the lee of some rock, and the fire is lighted. It crackles and falters for a while, then its upleaping tongues gather strength, and the roar becomes tremendous and the flames dazzling.

Hardly does it grow light, when from numberless other peaks in the distance other fires fling up their yellow gleams against the sky, and the awful precipices and the landscape are strongly marked by conflagrations.

Now a strong peasant throws a fir-tree on the glowing pile; now a brother brings a pack of sticks upon his alpenstock and flings it into the blaze; and now a third ascends the precipice and hews down branches of the Latschen (a resinous dwarf-pine), and permits them to fall into the blazing gulf below, where they flame like oil, and give out a delicious perfume.

Charming groups form about this tribute to high-summer. The city-folk sit in the rear; for once they are minor and subordinate. They gaze, and recite strange poetry to each other, and pity the peasants, while the peasants themselves sing and dance in the firelight, and think but meanly of the poor hearts that can take no interest in their ritual. The *Sennerinnen* laugh and joke with the men. They stand up boldly, with their hair flowing loosely from beneath their peaked hats, one hand resting upon their hips, and the other caressingly upon their lover's shoulder. The gay colors of their dresses gleam in the dan-

cing firelight, and their lithe and graceful figures give the beholder a little ecstasy as he moves here and there, trying hard to get good effects for his note-book.

Although the building of this fire nowadays, as a ceremony, is poor and mean in comparison with the ancient formality, yet there is much in it that proves to the traveler the truth that "simplicity is but a new tide of fashion that creeps here and there by slow degrees, and that destroys tendernesses that it cannot replace;" and that "the robbing of man of his right to act a sentimental part is the deprivation of the world of so much that is sweet and satisfying."

ANDREW FLETCHER.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARQUERITE KENT."

CHAPTER II.

HE sat by her at table, he walked with her on the cliffs in the moonlight, with Miss Quatteris and Mr. Best for company. They went together down the Forty Steps, and Fletcher, who had decided himself long ago arrived at the end of his sentimental rope, was astonished to find that here in the moonlight this girl had found it out, and at her touch the rope grew another length, and came winding endlessly from the place where he had thought he had put nothing but dead things, as the interminable ribbon is pulled out of a magician's hat.

But, even in the midst of it, he could not help smiling grimly when he thought of himself, on whom he had turned the cold shoulder so decisively at luncheon, and he thought what a fool he had been, and he began to commiserate the poor fellow just as he would have commiserated any lunatic of his acquaintance going at large.

"It rather shakes a man to lose faith in the only fellow that one has left to believe in," he soliloquized that night over his last cigar; and then he fell to thinking Miss Carnegie over, and wondering if, after his having lain fallow so long, it would be worth his while to stir his blood in breaking fresh ground.

Just over his head Mary Carnegie was leaning out of her window, and staring at the sea, not thinking exactly of him (perhaps if she had known how coolly he was weighing her chances with him, she might not have hesitated as she did), but of how strangely exciting the day had been, how unusual and wonderfully sweet.

Spoiled child that she was, when she did finally go to bed, it was in the same state of mind in which years ago she used to leave her stocking hanging by the chimney, sure that Santa Claus would come, and that she would wake up early and find it full.

In the morning she did not hesitate to think about him the very first thing, and when she went down-stairs to meet him Miss Carnegie thought no longer of herself; she was somehow adrift with impulse, as blindly intent upon her new fancy as she had ever been willful in her age of toys; and was it a

wonder that he felt himself almost caressed by the childish devotion of her every act and glance?

As is usual, the woman was spirit, and the man was flesh and weak.

That morning he sat in the rumble again, and they drove to the beach.

"I don't care to to-day," said Miss Quatteris, when Miss Carnegie decided that she meant to bathe, and begged Miss Quatteris to go in with her.

But Miss Carnegie did not have to run across the beach in her bathing-dress alone, for there was Fletcher in a nondescript costume awaiting her egress from the bathing-house.

She was prettier in this dress than in any other, Fletcher thought, for he had always been sincerely partial to the style of beauty that comes out in the glare of the sun, as cameos do the more they are cut, and she knew his thought, and added to it by being as sweet and as fresh as any wild-rose.

Trifles added wonderfully to Miss Carnegie's excitements about men in general; and just now, when she was more touched than she ever yet had been by anybody, the fact that Miss Quatteris was sitting there in the phaeton watching them, and, of course, envying Fletcher's apparent devotion to herself, added to Fletcher's sometimes abstracted air when he was being the most thoughtful for her, pricked her on and on until she had plainly made him aware that she had quite lost her way, and that she was running home to him, and that he must meet her half-way, or else be cruel.

He had quite made up his mind not to be this last, when she ran, dripping, away from him across the beach.

Best was sitting in the phaeton with Miss Quatteris when they came forth from their bathing-houses, and Miss Carnegie bit her lip with disappointment when Fletcher, who really did not want to pique her, but who was in the habit of taking his head about small things, accepted Best's invitation to drive back with him to the hotel.

"I have two or three friends there whom I deserted for you and yours, Miss Carnegie," Fletcher said, as he put the reins into her hands in a way that was almost a caress; "and, as they leave to-morrow, I feel I must go and see them to-day. You will forgive me, I know, if I do not return to your house until dinner-time."

She meant to stay displeased, but how could she when she felt so very happy at his manner of doing disagreeable things?

"I wish you would look there, Fletcher," Best said, under his breath, quickly, as the others having driven off, he and Fletcher settled themselves in their buggy—"at that girl there, and tell me what you think of her."

"I see dozens of girls; am I to take my pick?"

"That one there in black, who is standing near and talking to that octogenarian."

"I don't see any octogenarian—oh, yes. Well, I don't think much of any thing about her; she is tall and slight, and carries her head well reined up."

"Just watch her: I want to see if she

has the same effect upon you that she has upon the rest of us."

"She looks commonplace enough. Is her face pretty? It ought to be, she takes such care of it. That veil is rather a thick one for such a day as this."

"I didn't see her before," Best said, still under his breath, and pretending to be absorbed in flicking the flies with his whip off his horse. "She has just come up from the other end of the beach. I never saw her out of her phaeton on the beach before, as she generally drives her old gentleman down, and sits in the phaeton with him, to watch the bathers."

She was standing not far away, with her face turned toward the sea. She was tall and slight, as Fletcher had seen, carrying her head well up, as a steer does his in the wheat, and was dressed entirely in black. Only the tissue veil was gray, instead of black, which she wore doubled over her face.

Every one as he passed her gave her a searching glance, and turned to look again after he was past. Even some little children were gathered in a group, and were whispering together about her.

Seeing this, Fletcher became interested at once.

She seemed, however, very unconscious of the attention she was attracting, and only aware of the existence of the old gentleman to whom she was speaking, and to whom she now gave her arm for a support.

As they turned, and she led him directly to the phaeton standing immediately behind the buggy in which Best and Fletcher were seated, Best said, *sotto voce*:

"That is the way she always acts. Just as though she were all alone in the world, and rather congratulated herself upon being so."

"Take care of the step, gran'ther; there it is. Now put your arm on my shoulder; there you are."

At the sound of her voice, Fletcher turned involuntarily half-way round, and, recollecting himself, refrained just in time.

"Who is she?" he asked, when she had driven off.

"That's just the question, and I am bound to solve it. She is a mystery. All the men at the hotel are piqued about her. I am going to follow her this morning, and see where she brings up."

"Haven't you had chances before?"

"Yes; but somehow she has a way of giving one the slip."

Best had started his horse, and now, as they drove rapidly after the phaeton, the whirl of dust which it left behind in no way having power to choke Mr. Best's spirit of curiosity, he went on to tell Fletcher how thoroughly mysterious in her movements was the gray-veiled inognita; how she never appeared in public accompanied by any one save the old gentleman whom they had just seen; and how she always wore the gray veil doubled over her face, and never seemed to act as though she thought the world she lived in was an inhabited one.

"She walks about Newport very often, and we have tried to follow her; but, unconscious as she seems, yet, when we try to do

that, she always seems to understand, and dodges in here and there, and all over."

"Is she a resident?"

"I think so, for she has a way when she is followed of disappearing mysteriously into any house that she happens to be by; and, of course, she must know the people who live in the houses. If she were a cottager, it would be easy enough to find out all about her; but these fossil residents are very discreet in telling us birds of passage what they know about one another; but we will follow her phaeton now, and see where she brings up."

"We are not following her phaeton. I saw her turn off five minutes ago. There is an old gentleman in the phaeton in front of us, but beside this old gentleman sits another."

"Then, why, in the name of all that's good, didn't you tell me when you saw her turn off?"

"Well, I wasn't sure it was she. The dust was very thick, and you know my eyesight is sometimes a little imperfect. The glare on the water this morning will make me almost blind for the rest of the day. And I wanted to get to the hotel."

"I see you want all the game to yourself. So do I. I will bet you as many Paragas as you will care to smoke in a day that I will have the pleasure of a speaking acquaintance with her long before you have one."

"I do not care to bet about this girl, Best; but, as you have provoked me to it, I will promise that you shall see me talking to her in less than a week, and that I will introduce you to her."

Mr. Best, being rather overcome at this cool assumption of ability, stared and laughed thereat a good deal, and Mr. Fletcher smiled quietly and coolly in reply, and Best told the story to the rest of the fellows when he got to the hotel, as being a remarkably good joke.

Fletcher scarcely thought of the affair again until the next time that he saw Best, who asked him sardonically whether he had made much progress yet, and who looked knowing when Fletcher averred that he really had not yet given the matter a thought, and Best did not like Fletcher since the morning as much as he had decided to like him; for Fletcher had a way with men of little wit of setting them down hard, and somehow, when he was about, they always ever after staid where they had been put.

If Best had let him alone, Fletcher probably would never again have remembered the existence of this girl who went about so mysteriously veiled, and would never have noticed her even when they met, as they began to do now, almost every time that Fletcher had occasion to go into town; but, whether it was because of Best's persistence in satirically bantering him, or because Miss Carnegie in the continued days of acquaintance did not furnish him with sufficient excitement to make the wheels of time go faster, certain it was that Fletcher, wherever he went, was now always on the lookout for a gray veil which was worn double over a face which nobody had seen yet, and which a sight of, therefore, was well worth trying to obtain.

Meanwhile, there were drives to the Spouting Rock to see the plume of spray, when it was rough weather, driven through the hole in the cliff; there was a sail to the Dampplings to see the Martello Tower; there were moonlight rambles on the cliffs, and horseback rides as the sun went down, or else, in early morning, to find trees where they most do congregate at the Glen; and Mary Carnegie and Fletcher almost always went alone, for Miss Quatteris was convenient, and had daily either headaches or Mr. Best.

As the days wore on, and the combined effects of the change of air, and of medical treatment, and the regular life which he now led—for the Carnegies were quiet people in the one sense of Newport general society—conspired to make Fletcher grow almost sleepy with a delicious sense of inaction. He lost a good deal of his usual spirit of rebellion against Fate, he grew almost quiet and satisfied, and petted into a manly good-humor by the every-day certainty of being made love to by an unusually beautiful girl; he learned to look daily for it, to receive it as a welcome matter of course, and to make little returns for the same, when sufficiently stirred as to forget, for a while, himself.

She was so sympathetic, and so lost to every thing, when Fletcher, who loved to talk to so good a listener, would tell her of the consequences, among other things, of any trifling sanitary indiscretion on his part—how if he should ever again be tempted to live a fast life, or if he should ever have a great mental shock happen to him, not only Dr. Carnegie had said, but the oculist in Paris had also concurred in the opinion, that the inevitable result would be a total loss of sight; and her eyes would grow big with violet fire. Fletcher would look at her, wondering should he allow this feeling of tenderness for her to pass current with himself for the true article of love, if she would not, in her childish devotion to him, conspire with the comparative regularities of married life, to patch him up, and to make a whole man of him, where now he considered there was only a wreck.

He had learned by this time not to give Sand a further thought, nor to have any compunction of conscience in regard to Mary Carnegie's possible relations to him, for had not Sand had the temerity to give him an open field, and had he not almost dared Fletcher to do his worst?

It is a hard thing for a man to be dared by a man, and to be made love to by the woman about whom he is dared.

Fletcher stood true to his colors, though—that is, supposing he had any—and it was not rather through a spirit of carelessness that he was so inert when he could see so plainly that he might go forward and never get too far, until, by-and-by, he would have been more than flesh and blood if he could have refrained from going just a little of the way to meet her, when her own approaches were made so generously, and so childishly, and with no thought of retreat.

Now that he had gotten over his first sharp feeling of disappointment at finding in her, instead of the intellectual abstraction

of flesh and blood, which he had so worked himself in a fever of expectation about, an impulsive child-woman, as commonplace in many ways as the many other women whom he had met and made love to, but more appealing to him because of her at once and openly-shown liking for himself when he was feeling tired and in need of a sympathetic treatment; he began to see how lovely she was, and how unselfishly she might be made to love, until he had come to feel equally ready either to bid her good-by to-day and forever, or to ask her to be his wife on the morrow.

One afternoon they had ridden out to the Glen earlier than usual, and upon their return were about to enter the gate when whom should they encounter just coming out but the gray-veiled incognita.

For a few days past Fletcher had neither seen nor thought much of her; only once in a while he would hear her voice singing about him, as she had spoken to the old man that day on the beach, and he had hesitated several times when upon the point of questioning Miss Carnegie as to any possible acquaintance that she might have with her, being actuated by the same queer impulse which had led him to thwart Best's endeavor that other day to follow her.

He could not help feeling quickened all over when they now came suddenly upon her, and he could not help being gratified when Miss Carnegie reined in her horse.

"We have missed you so, Mary—mamma has been lost without you," said Miss Carnegie, stopping close to her. "Your grandfather must be better?"

"Yes, he is better, much better, and I can come every day now. I have missed the rocks so much! Thames Street never was so dusty and forlorn." Then she essayed to pass on, but Miss Carnegie detained her with—

"I want to introduce you two to each other.—Mr. Fletcher, my cousin, Miss Paget. You used to talk to each other three years ago, so you mustn't be formal now."

Miss Paget bowed. Mr. Fletcher raised his hat, and it shows how thoroughly he was taken aback—that he did not think of Best as it was natural he should when Best had laid himself so open to ridicule in the matter.

He knew her now; and it was as though he were entering this gate for the first time—as though Miss Carnegie and the rest of it were only a dream, and he had just parted from Sand on the Pont-Neuf.

"Then you will come again to-morrow, Mary?"

"Yes, I will come again to-morrow."

"Mary is such a dear, good soul," said Miss Carnegie, as they sped up the avenue, and Miss Paget had been left far behind to continue on her way, "and mamma depends upon her so. She comes here every day that she can to wheel mamma in her garden-chair to the rocks, and then she sits by the hour and reads aloud to her. I know I ought to do it, but I hate to read out loud. Please don't look that solemn way, just as though you thought I was a heathen."

"Was I looking such a thing? I thought

my face was a truthful face, and I can swear that I don't carry two. Did I ever know Miss Paget before—is that what you said back there?"

"Yes; don't you remember when you were sick here? I was at home then, as you know, and Mary was visiting me."

"I don't remember any thing about Miss Paget."

"You said you remembered me, and you ought to remember her just as much. We used to talk together about you a great deal—or at least I used to talk to her, and she would listen; but Mary sings beautifully, and I remember once how you startled her by answering her. I remember just how she came flying into the room, all of a tremble."

"Did I?—and we had not been introduced?"

"You may laugh; but it seemed a very serious thing to her."

"Pray, how?"

"Take me off"—this impatiently, for they had come to the door now, and he was sitting there in his saddle just as though he meant to stay there always, and looking younger and more excited than she had ever seen him yet—"why do you not take me off?"

"Because I like to sit still and anticipate it a little. Does Miss Paget come here every day?"

Miss Carnegie was too intent upon jumping unassisted from her saddle to answer this last question. Now she stood looking up at him with a sudden fire in her cheeks and eyes.

"You are very disagreeable to-day," she said.

"You are the disagreeable one," he answered, taking the bridle that was hanging from her horse's neck and putting it over his arm. "Why do you spoil my day so? You are the naughtiest girl I ever saw. Do you know it is dangerous for you to stand there and look at me in that way?"

"I do not want to look at you. Do not let me any longer. Turn back and go after Miss Paget."

"No, I will be more prosaic; I will take the horses around to the stable; only let me find you here when I come back." But he did not find her there or anywhere all that afternoon, for she had run up-stairs and into her own room, and she staid there, and was sad in it, for the first time in all her life.

As for Fletcher, after rambling around a while, laughing a little at her capriciousness, and expecting that she would every moment appear to declare herself penitent, he betook himself and cigar to the rocks, where, in the shelter of one, he stretched himself at full length, tipped his hat over his eyes, and thought.

If Miss Carnegie had considered him disagreeable when she went up-stairs, what additional color her decision must have received when she came down; for, although he could not help being gentle and tender to such a pretty, impetuous child, yet he could help being more than this; and, for the first time in all their intercourse, this evening Miss Carnegie began to feel and fret against the distinction.

They walked together on the cliffs, as

usual, with Miss Quatteris and Mr. Best doing all the laughing and the talking; for Fletcher was quiet and enigmatical, when he had always been before almost playful with her, and easily understood; and the more she tried to forget her own anger against him, and to be amiable and sympathetic, the more she began to realize that he was keeping her at an arm's-length, and that it was not a new condition, but that, without her having seen it, it had always been so.

The next afternoon, instead of acquiescing in Miss Carnegie's proposition to drive to the fort, he declared himself in full possession of a headache; and, as the family was only entitled to one at a time, he was sorry to supersede Miss Quatteris in her especial prerogative; but, possession being nine points of the law, he would have to make the best of the obligation, and stay at home.

"I was going on your account," Miss Carnegie expostulated. "I thought you would like to go."

"Is Miss Quatteris going?"

"Yes, with Mr. Best. We were to drive there together in the landau."

"Let them have the phaeton, why don't you? and you, *petite*, stay at home with me—an afternoon on the rocks will be charming."

"The rocks and Miss Paget!"

"Ah, yes; I had not forgotten the combination. Perhaps she would read aloud to us, too."

"Well, I will be good-natured, and ask her—there, does that please you?"

"No, not so much as though you had objected."

And Miss Carnegie did not explain her good-nature that she was certain that Miss Paget would object at once, since she was so shy of strangers, and avoided encountering them whenever she possibly could.

Before Miss Paget arrived, Miss Quatteris had driven Mr. Best out in the phaeton; but Miss Carnegie and Mr. Fletcher were seated on the piazza as she came walking, in her lonely, self-sustained way, up the avenue.

"Mary," said Miss Carnegie, the very first thing, "we want to be read to; we are going out with you and mamma to the rocks this afternoon."

"No; please don't."

"You are disappointing Mr. Fletcher," said Miss Carnegie.

"You are, indeed," said Mr. Fletcher. Then he added, as she insisted upon passing: "But, if you really object, I will try and bear up. Cannot we go to the rocks at all while you are there, Miss Paget?"

"There are a great many rocks," said Miss Paget, "and I cannot forbid you the least one of them.—Mollie, is Aunt Louisa ready for me?"

And then Fletcher felt rather than saw that she was out of sight.

"We will go to the rocks now, if you would like," Miss Carnegie said, almost nervously, as he continued to sit thus in this strange, new way of his, that she couldn't understand, try hard as she would, and which hurt her so. "Don't look so stern, or I shall think you are angry with me, and I have never done any thing that I know to make you angry."

"You have not, indeed," he answered; then—"I am the one to be forgiven."

It was a day of beating surf, of cloud-ridden sky, of quick, sudden breezes—a day to fill one's lungs with the wild flavor of seaweed air, and one's soul with an afflatus that threatened to make a balloon of one, and to carry the body like a basket dragging after.

The rocks were heaped here as though they had just been dumped out of a Titan's cart; and, in a recess formed by two of these, and where the shadows of them lay, Miss Carnegie seated herself, and Fletcher threw himself at her feet, and so that, by watching the changing color of her face, he could tell definitely when the one he was waiting for should come in sight from the house.

Innocent child that she was, and superlatively knowing as in this especial instance she congratulated herself upon being, this little fact of Fletcher having turned his back so carelessly upon the house where Miss Paget was, and the sudden devotion of his cool eyes to her face, made the past twenty-four hours seem as though they had not been at all, and threw Miss Carnegie into such a relapse of her feverish delight and hope that Fletcher began in the very midst of his own excitement to watch her for her own sake, and to feel a great and sudden remorse that passion was such a out-and-dried process with him that he could give this yearning child nothing more of the music of love than a worn-out tune that the many lips which he had kissed had made mean in his ears, and which would not be worthy of her.

Was it that because he had grown thoroughly bored by her that he was tingling so in his veins at the hope of having something fresher to awaken to to-morrow morning? Was this why that he was suddenly thinking, as it were, a new thought, that his past sentimentalities and this his present one was nothing more creditable to him than as an abuse of sentiment; and that, in his tomfooleries with his own better nature, he had been thus far pulling it hither and thither like a puppet, and causing it, as it were, to grimace around in cap and bells?

Just as he was in the midst of this, he knew they had come in sight, Miss Paget and the invalid Mrs. Carnegie—for he heard the roll of the wheels on the gravel, and Miss Carnegie stopped speaking and laughing, just as though she had happened upon something that she had hoped to forget always.

"There comes mamma now," she said, in the next breath, however—"and Miss Paget."

At quite a distance from them the garden-chair was stopped in the shadow of a big fir-tree, and here, after a little conversation between the invalid and her perambulator, Miss Paget seated herself on the ground beside it, and opened a book.

"Mary does not like strangers," said Miss Carnegie, "and we would have annoyed her if we had gone there."

Fletcher had observed that Miss Paget had not raised her veil even yet, and that through its thick folds she had begun to read aloud to the invalid, and that she had not once turned her face in their direction.

Piqued and still more puzzled, he would surely now have questioned Miss Carnegie in so many words as to the mystery of the gray veil, if he had not been deterred by the same inexplicable feeling which had caused him to thwart Best's endeavor to know more of her that other day when driving from the beach.

He knew that he had not questioned Miss Carnegie even involuntarily either by look or manner; he had learned to control every muscle—she watched him so—and therefore he could not help staring at her a little when she volunteered:

"Everybody wonders; but she wouldn't go without it for the world. I tell her it is foolish, for it occasions more remark than though she went without it." And then Miss Carnegie was coloring furiously, as though ashamed of herself, and was reaching over, and almost touching Fletcher in her eagerness.

"I didn't mean to tell—I didn't really mean to tell."

"You have told me nothing," said Fletcher, quietly—and then perhaps he would have said more, and something more tender, she was so near and so pleading, if he had not been half-way across to the tree in the shade of which the invalid was reclining, almost before these words had passed his lips.

Miss Paget had arisen to her feet. A book-mark, a trifle of embroidered card-board and blue ribbon which she had removed from between the pages of her book when she had first opened it, and which she had dropped carelessly into her lap, had been caught by a passing breeze, and blown quite a distance away over the rocks and down the cliff.

Fletcher was now about descending the cliff, which was here almost perpendicular, to the bit of rough grass, upon which the book-mark had caught and was fluttering.

"Please do not go there, Mr. Fletcher!" Mrs. Carnegie called to him, in her faint voice, now grown anxious.—"Mary, go and tell him."

"Indeed, it is of no consequence," said Miss Paget, standing at the top of the cliff, and speaking as though she were saying a lesson.

"Oh, do not go—pray, do not try! I can make another and much prettier one," implored Miss Carnegie.

"I will certainly go, although I am a coward and get dizzy," said Mr. Fletcher. "I will certainly break my neck if I am not brought off in a hurry."

"I will give you any thing you may ask me for—" said Miss Carnegie.

"I will remember that," Mr. Fletcher remarked. Then, to Miss Paget, who had walked half away: "Will you let me—us, Miss Paget, come and sit under the tree, and listen to you read aloud? Remember that I don't like to go down steep places, and that, if you say no, I will have to."

"I am reading 'Holy Living and Dying.'"

"Well, unless I am read to, I shall never know any thing of it."

"What nonsense!" cried Miss Carnegie, almost angrily—"and all about that insignificant book-mark.—Mary, I believe this is one of your sensations. You only want to be teased."

"That settles the question effectually," said Miss Paget, turning her head in a way that sent Fletcher's blood tingling through his veins with very delight—"you cannot come."

"But we will," said Miss Carnegie.

"But we will," said Mr. Fletcher.

"Don't mind what I said"—Miss Carnegie ran after her and took her hand childishly—"I didn't mean it; but let us come, won't you? Mr. Fletcher wants to so much."

"I am not the one to be asked," said Miss Paget, when her hand was let go, and she had seated herself once more, and very composedly, upon the ground beside the invalid's chair.

"Mamma, can't we come and sit here quietly—Mr. Fletcher and I? We won't make a bit of noise, really."

"Perhaps if you are going to stay here, my child, you had better run into the house, and get a book that will be more interesting to Mr. Fletcher. You will find 'Adam Bede' there, and I would like to hear it also."

"Please don't," pleaded Mr. Fletcher; "I am the proper one to go for it—but I really won't.—Come, Miss Carnegie, let us sit here, and be forgotten."

And so it happened, as usual, that Mr. Fletcher had his own way.

This afternoon was only the beginning of many such, and Mr. Fletcher managed somehow to meet Miss Paget every day.

MY TWO PEARLS.

"LIGHTNING-EXPRESS, gentlemen! All aboard!" shouted a voice in the station at Rochester at eleven o'clock at night.

I stepped on board the train, choosing a palace and restaurant car, "through to Chicago."

"Section?" said the conductor, with a rising inflection. "Ought to have telegraphed, sir. Only one berth left, and that's a mere accident. Here it is. No. 9. Gentleman who engaged it missed connection at Syracuse."

Congratulating myself on my good fortune, I speedily crept into No. 9—a lower berth—and fell fast asleep. When I opened my eyes, the gray dawn of an October morning—the October of 1868—was stealing in through the curtained window.

I lay for some minutes in a half-dream, listening to the multitudinous noises of the train, with scarcely a thought of where I was. Then, as the light grew stronger, I raised myself upon my elbow and looked about me, only to fall back a moment after with a start of surprise that was almost dismay.

Right before my eyes hung a white, shapely hand, with a dark seal-ring upon the third finger. It took me a minute or two to collect my scattered senses enough to discover that it belonged to the occupant of the upper berth, dropped carelessly from his quarters to my own, in the heavy abandonment of sleep.

I lay and looked at it—a white, shapely hand, as I have said—a hand unmarred or

unglorified—choose the word for yourself—by the seams and calluses of manual labor. The fingers were long and taper, the nails oval and well cared for. The wrist was not large, but well-knit and sinewy; and, half-buried in the fine linen of the shirt-sleeve, I caught the sparkle of a diamond.

The hand had a strange fascination for me, half-uncanny though it looked in the weird, struggling light of early morning. I watched it, vaguely wondering what manner of man its owner might be, and what kind of a face would assort with it, till there was a stir overhead, and it vanished. Then I made my toilet as I best might, and went out on the platform for a breath of fresher air.

When, after the lapse of half an hour, I leisurely strolled back to my place again, all vestiges of the night were removed, and a gentleman in a plain gray traveling-suit occupied one seat in the compartment allotted to me. He held a newspaper in the hand. I recognized it at once.

He lifted his eyes long enough to salute me with a courteous bow as I took the opposite seat, and then resumed his reading. I opened my paper also; but the attempt to engross myself with its contents was a vain one. My eyes and my thoughts continually wandered to my *vis-à-vis*.

Describe him? Not an easy matter. Neither is it easy to account for the fascination that he wore as an invisible mantle. I might tell you that he was tall and slight; that his complexion was clear and dark; that his black, crisp locks curled closely round a well-shaped head; that his eyes were large and liquid; that his mustache was a light and graceful pencilling upon the firm, thin lip; and that his imperial was above reproach. But, having told you this, I should expect you to say with a glance of ineffable meaning that you could find his counterpart in any barber's shop on Broadway; or, if not there, in your sister's French dancing-master.

You think so? Perhaps it is not strange. You see I cannot put into words the individuality of the man—the certain indefinable something that at once set him apart from the crowd, and made him notable.

He dropped his paper presently, and turned to me with some remark upon current events, made with a slight foreign accent. Thus we fell into conversation.

"Breakfast served whenever you please, gentlemen," said the porter, passing through the car.

My companion bowed, smiling.

"As we are to be section-mates for a day or two," he said, "it is well we should know each other. Shall I do myself the honor to present you with my card?"

"Hippolyte L'Estrange, Straasbourg," I read from the little white parallelogram. So I had not been mistaken in supposing him to be a Frenchman. I may as well tell you, here, what he read from the card I gave him in return: "Edward Ripon, New York."

We breakfasted together, at his request. I found my "chance acquaintance" to be a most intelligent and cultivated man, and a great traveler. So much of the world had he seen, so wide was his knowledge of men and things, that to my comparative inexperience

it seemed little less than marvelous. He was years older than myself—I was just twenty-seven—or at least he seemed so. A Frenchman is older than an American of the same age, always. But, allowing for all that, M. L'Estrange was doubtless eight or ten years my senior. He was at once reticent and communicative—reticent in all that was purely personal and related to his inner self; communicative as to his plans and projects. I soon discovered that he was on his way to San Francisco—so much farther off then than now.

"But what a circuitous route!" I exclaimed. "You are going round Robin Hood's barn."

"Robin Hood's barn?" he repeated, with a half-laugh, his eyes lighting as he caught my meaning. "But, my friend, I had but just come from Panama. I was tired of the ship, the sea, the monotony, so I go this way."

"Overland the whole distance?" I asked.

"Oh, no! Look here, I shall have the honor to show you," and he drew a folded map from his breast-pocket. "I leave you here, at Calumet"—noting the point with his pencil—"you see? There I take the lighting-train for Cairo; thence by express this way"—pointing to Memphis and Jackson—"down to New Orleans. That is right, eh?"

"Yes; but you will have to go to Vera Cruz. How about a steamer across the gulf?"

"Ah! there I go round your Robin Hood's barn!" he said, laughing. "See! I go across to Havana, and thence to Vera Cruz."

"And then—?" my eye followed his pencil.

"Then I go by diligence to the city of Mexico, where I take the saddle for Manzanilla. There, if the good fates befriend me, I catch a steamer ahead of the one that left New York when I did. So, I lose no time; I see your great country; and I escape the dull, monotonous sea, of which I have had too much already."

The hours flew on silver wings. All day long we floated on a tide of talk, sometimes sparkling with wit and humor; sometimes taking a deeper tone as we touched upon themes that gave to each brief, passing glimpses of the soul of the other. It seemed to me that there was little worth knowing that my companion did not know; little worth seeing that he had not seen; little worth thinking that he had not thought.

Yet I learned little of his personal history, save that he had spent much time in South America; and that he had large interests in the pearl fisheries at Lima, on business connected with which he was going to San Francisco.

We had said nothing in any way relating to the war, its causes or its results. But suddenly my friend turned to me.

"You have been in the army?" he said.

"Yes," I answered. "I served through the war. But why do you think so?"

"Ah, you have something—the air *militaire*. I knew it from the first. I, too, am a soldier, and I did not need that you should give the countersign."

Another night passed, and hour after hour of the second day. We were forty miles from

Calumet. A deep silence fell upon us two, who, in these days of chance companionship, have grown so strangely near each other. Soon our paths would diverge, never, in all probability, to cross again. In vain M. L'Estrange urged me to prolong my journey, at least as far as New Orleans.

"We must not part as strangers," he said, impulsively. "My heart has gone out to you—for we are akin! Somehow—somewhere—shall we not meet again?" and he clasped my hand warmly.

My reticent Northern nature stirred within me.

"I trust so, I hope so," I responded. "But the world is wide. I shall never forget you, M. L'Estrange."

"Ah! you are young," he said, with a slow shake of the head, "you are young; and the young have short memories. But stay! hold! I shall give you a sign—a token. So shall you keep one in your heart."

Taking from his pocket a tiny box, he unlocked it with a key attached to his watch-guard. A number of pearls gleamed and shimmered in the sunlight. He selected four of remarkable size and purity.

"You shall wear these for my sake," he said, placing them in my hand.

But I demurred, saying it was too costly a gift.

"Are we not friends?" he cried, his lip curling with a superb scorn. "How talk you then of cost?"

Two, then, to be mounted as sleeve-buttons? Still I shook my head, and still he persisted.

"Here, then, *mon ami*," he said, at last. "If you will not have two, you shall have one;" and, taking my hand, he placed one large, pure, lustrous pearl on the palm, and closed my fingers over it. "It shall be mounted like this," drawing a design on the lid of the box, "and you shall wear it for a sign. Then, you see, I shall have its mate set in the same manner. It shall be for a token between us; and the pearls shall bring us together again. Ah, I know it! The pearls—they are charmed!"

"Ah, M. L'Estrange!" I answered, "I can resist no longer. I will wear your pearl; and it shall at least be a *souvenir* of days never to be forgotten."

As he was replacing the box, a card-photograph fell to the floor. I picked it up, and was handing it to him, when my eye fell upon a face of such rare loveliness that I held the little picture as if spellbound—a woman's face, softly outlined, delicately rounded; a pure, calm forehead, crowned with "braided tresses darkly bright;" tender, unsmiling lips, that wore a sweetness deeper and holier than smiles; a chin and cheek that might well have served as models for a sculptor. There were soft lines resting about the throat; and a lace shawl, thrown gracefully over the stately head, rested lightly on the shoulders, like a radiant cloud. But the eyes were the glory of the picture: large, dark, spiritual eyes, that look into yours with unfathomable meanings in their liquid depths.

My self-possession and my good manners returned to me at the same moment.

"I beg your pardon," I said, deprecatingly,

ly, as I gave the picture to its owner; "but it is so beautiful! It is your wife?"

"My wife? No," he said, with a low, wise smile, "but it is my Marguerite—my pearl!"

There was no time for further speech. We were at Calumet. L'Estrange threw his arm around me in his impulsive French fashion, and kissed my cheek with a warm "God bless you!" Another moment and our short chapter of romance was ended.

But was there no second chapter? Certainly, or I should hardly have thought it worth while to tell you this. I returned to New York in a few weeks, had my pearl mounted precisely as L'Estrange had directed, and wore it, at first with a half-superstitious feeling that it was truly a link between us, and would one day draw us together. It was, at all events, powerful in one way. It was, indeed, as he had said, a sign, a token. It kept fresh and green in my memory what might else have gradually faded away as one of the many forgotten incidents of a life that was changeable and full of adventure.

But it was not his face only that it recalled. I never wore it without seeing, as in a vision, the dark, soul-lit eyes that had looked up at me from the photograph, the pure, calm brow, the tender, wistful mouth, of my friend's "Marguerite." Not his wife, but doubtless his betrothed. What other meaning could I give to the sudden light that illumined his face as he exclaimed, in that last, hurried moment, "It is my Marguerite—my pearl?"

"I shall write you from San Francisco," he had said. But days, weeks, and months, lengthened into years, and I heard nothing. My pearl scarf-pin was the only token that those charmed days of travel had been more than a dream. I believed that he was dead.

Last summer I was in Paris. Early one morning I went to the Madeleine, and, leaning against one of the fluted columns, watched the worshipers as they came and went. The sun shot yellow rays through the grained windows in the roof; the chanting of a hidden choir sounded far off and dream-like; the sculptured Magdalen of the high altar looked strangely real in the weird, uncertain light; and the whole atmosphere of the place was bewildering.

As I stood near one of the great bronze doors, a lady, veiled, and gathering the folds of her mantle closely about her throat, passed me with a light step. The figure was exquisitely graceful, and I watched her with a young man's idle curiosity as she knelt at her prayers, wondering if her face was worthy of her form. As she rose, a fresh breeze from an opening door blew back her veil, and I caught a passing glimpse of her features.

All the blood in my veins rushed madly to my heart. Surely it was the face of my dreams—the face of my friend's Marguerite! Yet it seemed a younger face; perhaps less Madonna-like than in the picture, haloed by cloud-like drapery. You see I had not forgotten the slightest peculiarity of the photograph. I could have sworn to the very pattern of the lace.

Before I recovered my senses she had disappeared.

For three days I haunted the Madeleine in vain. On the fourth I caught a glimpse of her again, stooping to drop a coin in the hand of a pallid child. But it was a fête-day, and the crowd swayed in between us. After that I saw her no more.

I went on to Switzerland, lingering for a month among its mountain-passes; made a short run into Italy, and came back. I was loitering along Les Champs Élysées one evening in a fit of homesickness, half inclined to take the next steamer from Havre, and so end this roving life, when I became aware of being watched—watched by a dark figure under the shadow of the opposite trees. The red sunset-light fell full and strong where I was standing, but it was twilight all about me. I changed my position hurriedly, and hastened on.

But in a moment I heard quick footsteps behind me, then a run and a shout. An arm fell across my shoulder, a hand clasped mine, and a well-remembered voice cried:

"It is you! I have found you! Ah, *mon ami! mon ami!* But it was the pearl, even as I told you so in that wild Calumet." And Hippolyte L'Estrange pointed to the scarf-pin I wore that day. "But you are grown older, monsieur. You are changed; and I was not thinking of you at that moment. But the great pearl shimmered in the sunlight, and it drew my eyes to the face above it. Said I not that it was charmed?"

It is needless to speak of the happiness of that reunion, all the greater for the mood in which it found me.

"I shall not lose sight of you again," said M. L'Estrange. "You will go home with me to-morrow, to Strasbourg. Marguerite—you remember"—and he smiled more brightly than before—"Marguerite will be glad to know my friend. Very often have I talked of our days together."

Marguerite! Shall I confess that for one moment I shrank from a coming pain, a hidden danger? Then every instinct in my manhood rose in quick rebellion. My friend's wife was vestal to me even in thought; sacred as if shrined and guarded by inaccessible distances. I would go with him.

Why had he not written me? Simply because he had lost my address—"only this and nothing more."

It would take too long to tell of our delightful journey, and I pass on rapidly to the hour when the towers of Strasbourg rose before us, and the lofty spire of her cathedral pierced the clouds.

My friend's château was outside the walls of the city, on rising ground.

"See!" he said, with a sweep of his hand, as the carriage rolled along, "this is not so grand, so fresh, as your great New World; yet it is a fair picture."

He might well say so. The seven-gated city lay at our feet; the blue Rhine wound along between storied banks; the branching Ill glided through the town, picturesque with its many bridges; in the far distance rose the Vosges Mountains, and the Black Forest of Germany.

And now we were at the château, a stately pile, ivy-clad and moss-grown, yet bright, seemingly with an eternal youth.

"Marguerite, this is the friend of whom you have so often heard me speak—Edward Ripon," said L'Estrange, as I entered the saloon an hour after, and a fair, sweet, womanly face, the face at the Madeleine, looked up from the bit of embroidery over which it was bending.

"Is she like the picture—my Marguerite?" asked my host; but, before I could reply, he went on: "By that name you first heard of her, and by that name you are to know her now. We are to live in Arcadia for a whole enchanted month; and, as is fitting, we are to be to each other Marguerite and Edward and Hippolyte. Have not the kind Fates proved that we are akin, as I told you years ago? Why, else, have they brought us together?"

I bowed low above the lady's hand; but I did not call her "Marguerite." Neither did I call her "Madame L'Estrange." Some subtle, undefined feeling prevented that. I compromised by not calling her any thing.

I must not make my story too long. You anticipate all I would say. There were no other guests at the château. We three were as isolated as Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. That was truly an enchanted week, in which we rode, we rambled, we talked, we read, we sang—happy dwellers in Arcadia. And then—then—I awoke one day to find there was no safety for me but in flight. This "Marguerite" was growing too dangerously dear. I, who pray daily, "Let me not be led into temptation"—what business had I there, dallying with danger?

I was not a villain; I was not an idiot; I had no more conceit than my fellows; yet, I could not help seeing that Marguerite's soft brown eyes grew softer still when they met mine, and that the long lashes drooped over them with a subtler grace when I drew near. I did not look for this; but it was there, and I saw it—I must go.

A determination that I made known to M. L'Estrange the next morning.

"But you are not going!" he said. "It is too soon. Did I not say you were to stay a month? We will have more guests, if you die of this dull life; and you shall see the old château alive with dance and song. My friend must stay!"

"No," I answered; "your friend must go. Do not make it too hard for him to leave you."

He looked at me narrowly.

"Has any thing gone wrong?" he asked, in a low tone. "Tell me, my friend! I had thought—I had dreamed—Is there any thing amiss with you and—Marguerite?"

He spoke in his own tongue now, as he always did when any strong emotion stirred him. I answered in mine, my cheeks white and cold, but my eyes ablaze:

"Amis—any thing amis, M. L'Estrange? Do I hear you aright? You are speaking of the lady who is your wife, and of one who would fain be an honorable man! Any thing amis, monsieur?"

He looked at me for an instant as if he thought I had gone mad. Then a sudden light broke over his face, and, to my anger and astonishment, he laughed a genuine, hearty laugh. But, before I could speak, his

mood changed, and he caught me impulsively in his arms.

"O my poor boy!" he cried. "I see it all now. And you thought Marguerite was my wife? But I told you she was not, when you asked me so long ago. Do you not remember? I supposed you understood. The woman who should have been my wife lies in the church-yard yonder. Monsieur Ripon, Marguerite is my sister!"

I covered my face with my hands. I could have sunk into the dust at his feet. It was all so clear now—as clear as noonday. Yet, with my preconceived ideas of their relationship, and in a country with whose domestic life and habits I was so unfamiliar, I could not so much wonder at my mistake. The *patois* of the servants, too, had helped to mislead me—and I had seen no others.

I dared not look at him. The gentle dignity of his last words overpowered me, even while, in spite of my confusion and dismay, my heart was thrilling with a new-born hope.

I lifted my eyes at last, to meet his filled with ineffable tenderness.

"You know my secret," I said. "Shall you take me at my word, M. L'Estrange—must I go away?"

"Nay, stay," he whispered. "It was for this that we were thrown together that October morning. Was it not charmed, the token I gave you? Stay now; and, if you can win her gentle heart, I will give you yet another pearl—my Marguerite!"

Just as long as I live, I mean to remember in my prayer the gentleman who "missed connections at Syracuse;" for, if it had not been for him, would I ever have worn the rare, pure pearl that was given to me two months since by my brother Hippolyte L'Estrange?

JULIA C. R. DORR.

CENTENNIAL CONCORD.

WHEN President Grant accepted the invitation to the Centennial Celebration at Concord, Massachusetts, he expressed a desire to go from Boston to Concord by the same road the British soldiers marched over the morning of the 19th of April, 1775. Being a gentleman of taciturn habit, it may be supposed his powers of observation are rather keen, and, as every mile of the road he chose is an historical landmark, that part of his journey will surely repay him for the inconvenience of a long carriage-ride.

Interest marks its outset, for the most conspicuous object, as the traveler leaves Boston by that road, is the old-fashioned spire of Christ Church in the North End. From that eyrie, on the night of the 18th of April, 1775, two lanterns were hung as a signal to Paul Revere, watching on the Charlestown side, who, seeing them, mounted his horse and sped away to Lexington and Concord, to warn the patriots that the British soldiers were coming.

The first town out of Boston is Medford, surrounding the calm waters of Mystic Pond, where the old Sachem Hanepashemet lived in his palisaded wigwam. Next, Lexington,

one of the deadest little hamlets nestled in the bosom of thick woods that looked as if the sound of saw or axe was unknown in their leafy recesses. It is fashioned in the uniform plan of New-England villages—a square flanked by the "meetin'us," a store, and the oldest houses, as a nucleus, the rest scattering along the diverging roads. About the middle of the west side of the square is Clarke's house, where Hancock and Samuel Adams were sleeping. When Revere rode into the town at one o'clock at night, he bade a patrol keeping guard outside the house go in and warn them of the approaching danger, but the man demurred, saying they would be disturbed by the noise.

"Noise!" cried Revere, stamping his spurred boot on the porch, "they'll hear noise enough in the morning!"

Up to 1848 the room in which Hancock and Adams slept that night was preserved with the furniture intact; it has since been renovated. The house is a dingy white, with a high, peaked roof, and the door at the side.

The British, eight hundred strong, arrived by the east road about four o'clock in the morning. Aroused by Revere, a hundred colonists had hurriedly drawn up in the square, and it was to these that the British commander, Pitcairn, cried, "Disperse, ye rebels!" But, before they had time to, the troops fired, and killed eight men. A modest little monument, erected at the "expense" of Massachusetts, marks the spot where fell the first victims to the

"SWORD OF BRITISH TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION."

"On the morning of the ever memorable

Nineteenth day of April A. D. 1775

The Die was Cast

The Blood of these Martyrs

Was the cement of these States then Colonies and gave the spring to the Spirit, Firmness And Resolution of their Fellow Citizens.

They rose as one man to defend their brothers' Blood and at the point of the sword to assert and

Defend their Native Rights

They nobly dared to be Free!

The contest was long bloody and affecting Righteous Heaven approved the solemn appeal Victory crowned their arms and

The Peace, Liberty and Independence of the United States of America was their Glorious Reward."

One thing the President may find it worth while to note is the thick woods that surround Lexington. Possibly now, in the barren New-England spring, the landscape is different; but you may stand, in summer, at the summit of the hill that leads to Concord, and search vainly for a trace of habitation as far as the eye reaches; not even a church-spire pierces through the green boughs, and yet this is in the heart of the most densely-populated State of the Union. There are some villages clustered around there, but the thick woods hide them completely. We shall not suffer for room probably for some time yet.

The next historic landmark is a very old house on the south side of the road, within three miles of Concord, and about five from Lexington. It is an unpretending place, faded to that greenish brown which unpainted wood always assumes, and at one side stands an old pump—a very old pump, decrepit and tottering with age; and it is evidently many

years since the handle, creaking over that rusty hinge, poured a clear stream into the trough that lies rotting on the ground. It is over a hundred years old.

On the 19th of April, 1775, as the British were returning from the fight at Concord, a soldier ran to get a drink, and, just as he was going up the walk, he met a young fellow coming out of the house.

"You're a dead man!" cried the Englishman, aiming at him.

"So are you," said the other, coolly drawing his gun.

They fired simultaneously, and both fell dead just by the old pump that stands there to-day.

By this time fairly within the limits of the town of Concord, other shrines than historic line the pathway. Indeed, in that village of twenty-three hundred people, there are so many celebrities that it is dangerous to turn a corner suddenly for fear of running over some first-class saint, philosopher, or sage. Mr. Boutwell, whom no one would ever accuse of deliberate facetiousness, once told a friend, who asked what was the chief mercantile staple of the town, that "the people of Concord supported themselves by writing for the *Atlantic Monthly*."

About a mile or so beyond the pump, the hill over which the road has run so far turns off to a cliff that skirts the highway at the right hand as far as Concord, affording shelter to the houses built in its shadow. The first of these is the nursery-garden of Mr. Bull, an Englishman (John, perhaps), who produced the Concord grape, one of the most valued varieties. Next is a yellowish-brown house, with so many turns and gables that it seems as if every room were a corner-room. Although close to the road, a dense grove of evergreens lends it the privacy and seclusion its old master loved so well. To-day it is the Way-side Boarding-school, and budding miseries, with whatever smell of bread-and-butter elings to Young America, con their lessons in the chambers that were the home of the Hawthornes. The fir-lined path across the meadows leading to the quiet river was Hawthorne's favorite walk, and still bears his name, and on the lonely hill behind grew Septimius Felton's scarlet flower. Although he lived in Concord for many years, none but his intimate friends had any intercourse with him; genial and social in domestic life, he had a morbid horror of strangers or publicity—an attribute that naturally quickened curiosity. A friend of his avers that he never saw him away from home but four times—at Mr. Emerson's, at Mr. Alcott's, at his own house, and at the post-office. If compelled to go on any errand about the town, Hawthorne waited for nightfall if possible, or rode in a closed carriage.

An avenue of larches connects the Way-side with Apple Stump, the house of the Alcotts. To see it with your mind's eye, you have only to imagine it entirely different from any other cottage, with dormer-windows peeping unexpectedly from tangled ivy, and rooms built on here and there after an order of architecture wholly original. The fence that surrounds the modest estate is a marvel of patience and ingenuity; it was made by Mr. Alcott him-

self out of pine-branches picked up at random in the woods.

It is a lovely little place in summer, when the larches are trimmed with their soft green fringe, and the woodbine is fresh, and the majestic trees are filled with tame birds, that flutter down at Mr. Alcott's call to be fed. Hawthorne wrote in the topmost story of a little turret, with his chair set over the trap-door, so as to secure himself from intrusion, but Mr. Alcott's study is close to the front entrance, crimson-lined and flooded with sunlight. Never was there a more charming little room, stored with well-worn books, quaint mottoes, pictures, and statues, and trinkets, that each have a story. The only shadowy corner is appropriately devoted to a mysterious-looking picture—a portrait of Carlyle, taken by an English lady, who amuses herself by photographing distinguished people. By adjusting the focus in a peculiar way, she gets an indistinct effect, for which the shaggy beard and hair of the old Scotchman is a striking subject. Mr. Alcott himself, with his long, silver hair and delicate face, accords well with his interesting room; he is a kindly, gracious old man, who will lay the future historian under heavy obligation by a voluminous diary, kept faithfully for over fifty years. Louisa Alcott, the darling of American nurseries, spends the greater part of her time in Boston. Ruskin, the critic of critics, holds her sister May to be the most successful copier of Turner.

The houses now stand closer together, and, except a general, old-fashioned air, have nothing of special interest, but, where the Lexington and Boston roads meet, Ralph Waldo Emerson lives. His home is a roomy, white house; retired from the not too busy thoroughfare; no flower-beds break the even verdure of the lawns, and tall hemlocks close house and garden in perpetual shadow. The front-door is always open, a silent token of hospitality, and on the right is Mr. Emerson's study, a small, plain room, furnished with the simplicity that marks its master's tastes. Mr. Emerson's seventy years have bowed his tall frame, but youth lingers in his face. He looks something like Everts, though there is a sweetness of expression about his eyes and lips that, I think, the great lawyer lacks—but, then, writing essays is less souring work than cross-examining. In manner, the sage is the gentlest and most unobtrusive of men, and yet even his calm heart must have throbbed with an emotion akin to pride when the khédive sent a squadron of cavalry to escort him forty miles beyond the city of Cairo. Think of a dozen little books winning him royal honor under the very shadow of the Pyramids! Recognized as the Messiah of Transcendentalism, the exact nature of his creed is, I believe, unknown, or not understood by outsiders at least, or, as old Peter Brooks said when he heard his first lecture, "It might be all very fine if any one could tell what it was about." Curtis, I think, says that, whenever Emerson has a "happy thought," he writes it down, be it dawn or midnight, and when Mrs. Emerson, startled in the night by some unusual sound, cries, "What is the matter? Are you ill?" the philosopher's soft voice answers, "No,

my dear; only an idea." Fredrika Bremer called him the "Sphinx of Concord;" and, later, a witty Boston woman, describing an interview she had with the original sphinx, says that, after a long and reciprocal and silent stare, the sphinx turned on its heel and said, "You're another!"

However, to go back a hundred years: The British marched along the road now united with the Boston turnpike, past the public square shaded by an old elm, that used to be the whipping-post, past the spot where a monument now stands in memory of a later war, and, about a mile farther on the right-hand road, they reached the North Bridge, that spanned the little stream called by the Indians "Grassy River," so sluggish a rivulet that Hawthorne could never tell which way the current ran. On the other side of the bridge about three hundred Americans, men from Bedford, Acton, and Concord, had drawn up, deciding not to begin the fight, but to return promptly the first shot from the enemy. The British began to tear up the bridge; the Americans remonstrated; the British fired, killing Captain Davis and another Acton man; and immediately Buttrick, who stepped to the front as soon as Davis fell, cried, "Fire, fellow-soldiers! For God's sake, fire!" and they did, killing two men, and thus shedding the first British blood in the war of American Independence.

Close to the battle-ground, on his own estate, in fact, young Parson Emerson watched with anxious eyes from his study-window the beginning of the contest to which he willingly gave his strength and his life. His house is a gray, gambrel-roofed, big house, standing close to the river. An avenue of ash-trees leads to it from the road, where a wide gate, that to-day hangs by one rusty hinge, shut in the domain. It was built even before Parson Emerson's day, and after him his son occupied it, and in it Ralph Waldo was born and lived years. Its next owner was Parson Ripley, Ralph Waldo's step-father, parson of Concord for forty years, and the idol of his congregation. He was a grand old man in character and appearance. To the last he wore his queue and knee-breeches. The house still remains in his family's hands, who cherish its antique fashion jealously. The garret, filled with the lumber of four generations, would be a mine to an antiquarian: spinning-wheels, to which the spiders have fallen heirs; rows of old books; piles of manuscript sermons, quite as dusty and twice as dry as the walls; and a ghost, whose trailing garments sweep through this lonely attic at midnight—indistinctly, invisibly, yea, intangibly, for not a cobweb is broken or a grain of dust disturbed. One room up-stairs is as carefully garnished as in the old days when Parson Ripley's brothers in Christ lodged there—they call it "Saints' Rest." Its little dormer-window breaks the outline of the front-roof; and its walls are covered with names and sentiments, written by the clerical wayfarers. One reads—

"Holy and happy rest
In consecrated gown,
Toil till some angel band
Bring peace and palm and crown."
—R. W. E.—

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But above all these associations is another connected with a tenant of this mansion—a dark-eyed, shy young bridegroom, who came here from the custom-house at Salem, and made this solemn abode the goal of his wedding-journey. Here a fair little daughter was born to him, about whom he has scribbled some pretty verses on the tiny panes of the study-window—the same willow-shaded study where William Emerson watched the battle-smoke; where Ralph saw his "Assyrian Dawns" and "Paphian Sunsets;" and this later master conceived the delicate children of his fancy, whose airy beauty seems to hover in it yet. Storied and holy little shrine! The palaces of kings are not so rich!

I doubt if Hawthorne ever spent happier years than those in which he gathered the "Mosses from an Old Manse," and certainly no hand has ever touched it so lovingly as his. Just as he found it and left it, so the tourist finds and leaves it to-day. The gate is still unhung, the ash-trees are yet alive, the dreaded coat of paint has never yet been put on, and the sole addition to it is one whose value he would be the last to acknowledge—his memory.

Hawthorne left the manse to go abroad, and, when he returned to Concord, resided in the house next to the Alcotts. The historic record of the fight at the bridge tells how the British returned to Boston by the same road by which they came, harassed all along by straggling Americans. Pitcairn was wounded and unhorsed at Lexington, and Captain Barrett, of Concord, bought his horse and pistols. The pistols he offered to General Washington, who declined them, and he then gave them to General Putnam. In 1836, Edward Everett (I think) dedicated a monument at Concord on the spot where the British fell. It stands on the bank of the river, at the end of a long avenue of pines which completely conceal it from the road. Although less pretentious in inscription than Lexington's tribute, its allusion to "British aggression" amused "Tom Brown" Hughes mightily when he saw it; he thought the colonies were "talking big." Close to the monument a rude, unlettered headstone marks the grave of the three English soldiers.

The new monument is due to the generosity of a private citizen, who left a legacy for the purpose on the condition that the town would contribute enough to carry out the design. The base is very simple, allowing interest to centre on the figure. This is the work of a Concord boy, Daniel C. French, not yet twenty-five. He is a native of New Hampshire, grandson of Chief-Justice Richardson of that State, and son of Henry F. French, a highly-cultivated lawyer of Boston. With the exception of a few months spent with Dr. Rimmer and J. Q. A. Ward, he is self-taught. He is now in Florence, with Preston Powers and Mr. Ball, who, with many other artists, predict for him the highest success in his profession. The statue, which is Mr. French's first large work, is a "Minute-Man"—a young farmer startled from his work by the sound of firing. He is in the very act of starting; he pushes his plough aside with his left hand, in his right he grasps

his old flint-lock. His hat, a soft slouch, is pinned up at one side, exposing fully a beautiful beardless face of the very highest type of the American race. His long waistcoat, loosely caught by a single button, shows the tumbled shirt open over his faithful breast; the sleeves rolled up display the strong arms; the powder-horn slung across his shoulder, and the leather leggings, complete what might be called the mechanical details reproduced with the strictest accuracy—many of the garments having been copied from those actually worn in the Revolution. The ideal part of this figure is worthy of the highest praise—it is a grand embodiment of a noble conception; it expresses strength without clumsiness, resolution without rashness, a hero acting as a man should, not a man posing as a hero might—in every way a worthy tribute to the day, and a lasting honor to the young artist. It was cast in bronze at the Ames Works, in Chicopee, Massachusetts; the government gave the bronze in the shape of condemned cannon. The size, seven feet, is heroic, and its site is the exact spot where the Americans stood, the other monument being where the British stood. These two memorials are connected by a dainty little bridge, built on the abutments of the old one.

On the opposite side of the road from the old monument is a house with a Revolutionary bullet-hole in its walls, which defacement has been carefully preserved through all succeeding renovations and alterations. Until within a year or two, the Wheeler barn still stood, whose contents Captain Timothy Wheeler saved by one of those little fibs which the recording angel is supposed to palliate. Large quantities of provisions were secreted there, and the British soldiers demanded admittance, being instructed to seize all stores. Captain Timothy opened the doors directly, but shrewdly putting his hand on one of his own barrels said, "Gentlemen, this is my flour; I am a miller; yonder is my mill"—which was all true in point of fact, and the soldiers withdrew, declaring that they had no intention of touching private property. Close to the bridge is a house where a young Acton fellow ran to get some bandages for his wound. "Dear! dear!" said the good housewife, with ready sympathy, "a little more and they would have killed you!" "No!" said the boy, laughing, "a little less and they wouldn't have touched me!"

All through that war, Concord was conspicuously prominent, and the boys who marched away eighty-six years later to save the Union their fathers founded, were led by a great-grandson of the first man killed on the battle-field where the "Minute-Man" keeps watch. These young heroes are commemorated by the simple but substantial "Soldiers' Monument;" the old ones were laid away in the graveyard on the hill-side, long since disused, and the silence of which is broken only by the tread of some curious tourist brushing the tall grass from the quaintly-inscribed stones. One there is supposed to be composed by Edward Bliss, the minister of the town, which reads as follows:

"God wills us free, man wills us slaves;
I will as God wills;—God's will be done.

Here lies the body of

JOHN JACK,

a native of Africa, who died March, 1773,
aged about 60 years.

Though born in a land of slavery, he was born free;
Though he lived in a land of liberty, he lived a slave;
till by his honest though stolen labors he
acquired the source of slavery, which

gave him his freedom,
Though not long before Death, the grand tyrant,
gave him his final emancipation, and put
him on a footing with kings.

Though a slave to vice, he practised those virtues
without which kings are but slaves."

There is another and more modern graveyard, "Sleepy Hollow," where Hawthorne's lonely, neglected grave lies; it is marked by a plain, white stone, with "HAWTHORNE" on it; the grass is dead, the evergreens have perished, and of the hawthorn-bushes planted at each corner but one remains, stretching its dead, leafless branches over the barren ground. Another interesting tomb is that of Judge Hoar's father, the facade of which is turned to the east, and carved like the window Christian saw in his dream. Near Hawthorne's is Thoreau's grave, and away across the hill is Walden—beautiful Walden! I saw it last autumn, lying in the happy bosom of the woods like a gorgeous Persian rug, blue and still as the sky above, and bordered with the brilliant foliage of the frost-touched trees.

Poor Thoreau! if ever he haunts its familiar shores, his spectre must sigh over the desecration; for, where his hermit-cell stood, a gaudy picnic pavilion is reared, and the steam-cars rush by so closely that the cinders are scattered over the waters.

The beautiful public library, which is the gift of a wealthy citizen, Mr. James Munroe, has an alcove devoted to Concord authors, whose works fill a goodly space. Emerson, the two Hawthornes, the two Alcotts, and Thoreau, head the list; then Frederick Hudson, for many years connected with the *New-York Herald*, and author of "Journals and Journalism;" Frank Sanborn, of the *Springfield Republican*; Whiting, author of "War Powers of the Constitution;" Folsom, the translator of the four Gospels; Miss Hannah Hudson; William Ellery Channing, an eccentric poet, brother-in-law of Margaret Fuller, and nephew of the great Doctor Channing; Henry F. French, an agricultural authority; Jane G. Austen, the novelist; and others. James T. Fields contributed to the library autograph copies of Holmes's "Dorothy Q.," one of Emerson's essays on "Nature," Lowell's "Cathedral," and Thoreau's essay on "Walking." Among other gifts, also, there is a head of Columbus, by Raphael Mengs. It is an appropriate decoration for a town that produced a small boy who, when asked who Columbus was, said, "He was the first man who came to Concord." That is a "true story." E. Rockwood Hoar and Judge Brooks, ex-members of Congress, are residents of Concord; and another celebrity is the farmer who tried to manage the worldly affairs of the Brook-Farm Community.

Concord seems to be the inevitable destination of literary people; they either have lived, or do live, or will live there. Margaret

Fuller was a frequent visitor; Elizabeth Peabody, of Kindergarten and historical-chart fame, was a resident, and the memory of her—a queer little lady in a black pokebonnet—lingers yet; George William Curtis was once a Concordian, and a member of that dazzlingly brilliant club whose meetings in Emerson's study are recorded in "Homes of American Authors." Horace Mann's and Channing's houses are still standing; Edward Everett spent some of his life here; George Bartlett, of *St. Nicholas*, is a native; Gail Hamilton and Harriet W. Preston are welcome and frequent guests; and "John Phoenix" was once a clerk in the Concord post-office. He was a lazy young dog, spending most of his time stretched on the counter, telling stories and dodging the inquiries for letters that would involve his getting up to look in the boxes. A lady of the town tells about going to the post-office one evening and asking timidly if there were "any letters for Mr. —." Derby raised himself on his elbow and glared at her. "Any letters for Mr. —?" he said, in a hollow tone. "No, little girl. There aren't any letters for Mr. —, and there never will be!" The child fled, terrified by the awful solemnity of this announcement, and never dared repeat her errand.

Such are the outlines of a picture that is well worth more careful sketching. The town itself, settled on a tract of flat meadows, is redeemed from ugliness by the picturesque river. Moreover, it has a charm of its own that compensates for lack of natural beauty; the turbulence of ambition and greed is banished from its limits; it is full of "sweetness and light;" it is the abode of peace—indeed, its name typifies the amity that existed between the early settlers and the Indians—the blood of heroes sanctifies it; the graves of martyrs hallow it; genius consecrates it; history, memory, association, immortalize it.

SARITA M. BRADY.

A MEMORABLE TRIP.

ONCE in my life I undertook to keep a journal. It went the way of most journals, but it contained one suggestive record, which stood thus:

"February 4, 1858. This day we went to the Bottom."

Now, the Bottom to which this entry has reference is no myth; it has a local habitation and a name. Geographers describe it as the Great Mississippi Swamp; planters exalt it as the garden-spot of the earth; what creatures so inferior as women and mules think of it is quite immaterial; yet, to one who takes wide views, and who values a varied experience, this unique region is well worth visiting—once.

But, though I cannot go so far as to affirm that a familiarity with this "debatable ground" is equivalent to a liberal education, this much, at least, I have learned from personal experience, that a liberal education cannot supply the place of such familiarity when one comes to contend in *propria persona* with that tenacious soil.

In the fall of 1857 our Uncle Leon bought a plantation in Bolivar, a county that arrogated to itself the proud title of Heart of the Mississippi Swamp. Uncle Leon was a bachelor who set his affections upon cotton-bales; but he was not absolutely alone in the world, for he had adopted our orphan Cousin Susy, a step that necessitated the adoption of Susy's grandmother as well. Susy was just "sweet and twenty" when Uncle Leon forswore the pleasant high hummocks of Florida for the great Mississippi Valley, and grandmother, as we all called her, though Susy alone had the right of relationship, was a rather feeble old lady, wedded to her "ain fireside;" but they did not hesitate to accompany Uncle Leon to the wilderness.

The general impression made by their letters was that their new mode of life had developed an extraordinary talent for exaggeration. But neither Uncle Leon nor Susy, we charitably argued, was competent to form an unbiased estimate of their surroundings; for our uncle was an enthusiast, who "saw all around in hues of his own fresh borrowed from the mind;" and our cousin was engaged to be married to a young planter who had recently settled an adjoining plantation. It was grandmother, whose accounts certainly were neither *coulour de rose*, nor *coulour de coton*, who fired us with an irrepressible longing to see for ourselves the marvels she could not deny in the midst of her complaints of the dogs, the rough house, and the bad roads, complaints that we stigmatized as the premeditated discontent of old age; for land that was said to produce a whole bale to the acre had its attractions, even for the feminine portion of the family, who indulged rapturous visions of visits to New Orleans during the carnival, with unlimited credit at the great Olympe's; while each and all of us saw in Uncle Leon, cutting his way through the dense canebrakes and the mighty forests, a sort of family pioneer, whose lead most of us, sooner or later, were fated to follow. And some of us, quite unexpectedly, took up the line of march that very winter.

It happened in this way. A cousin of ours, living in Vicksburg, invited us to make her a visit. The invitation was eagerly accepted, for we felt that it would be a boon even to behold the mighty river that flows through the planter's paradise. We did not indulge the hope that we might obtain so much as a glimpse of the swamp, the wondrous land of the Bottom; but something more than a glimpse did we obtain, for Fortune favored us with an opportunity, or an excuse, which is the same thing in such cases, to penetrate even as far as Bolivar County.

Susy was to be married in February, and it had been arranged that Uncle Leon should bring her and grandmother to Vicksburg the last of January, in order that the wedding might take place at Cousin Maria's. But, in January, grandmother had an attack of rheumatism, and it was impossible, so they wrote, for her to travel over the bad roads. Susy decided that it was equally impossible to be married without her grandmother's presence, and Susy's lover protested so violently against deferring his marriage that it was resolved to have the wedding in the canebrake. "It

will be rather rough," wrote Susy, "but ever so jolly." "Come one, come all," wrote Uncle Leon; "and I'll engage that you shall not repent the trip."

As a matter of course, we hesitated a little, just a little, at first, simply because when women have *fitted themselves*, as it were, to one plan, they will hesitate about substituting any other; but when we reflected that if Susy (save for grandmother's rheumatism) could come out of the swamp, we could go into it, our decision was taken with great enthusiasm, and from that time forth we could talk of nothing else. Even Cousin Maria declared that a trip to the Bottom would be an experience to make one merry; and she was right.

Our idea of the country, notwithstanding the numerous letters we had received therefrom, was ludicrously vague. The great swamp was a *terra incognita* to all of us except Gregory, who owned a plantation near Uncle Leon's; and Gregory was content to leave us in the bliss of ignorance, lest, as he afterward said, premature knowledge should dishearten us. We knew, from common report, that there were unprecedented mud, and cane, and gigantic trees, in the region whither we were bound; but such mud! and such cane! and such trees! Only personal contact can give an adequate notion of these peculiar features of the Bottom.

"What!" said a gentleman, who had had experience, one evening when we were holding an animated discussion about our pilgrimage. "Do you mean to say, Miss Elsie, that you are going to undertake so perilous a journey?"

Elsie was fresh from a New-York boarding-school, and rather given to putting on airs.

"Perilous journey, indeed!" said she. "One would think, from your ominous manner, that we contemplate a visit to the interior of Africa. I assure you I don't mind a little inconvenience in traveling."

The man of experience laughed.

"But the mud!" he said. "You never saw such mud. It will be something quite new to you, I fancy."

"I am not to be daunted by a little mud," said Elsie. "I have seen mud in the course of my life. Indeed, I remember once, after a thaw, when the mud was perfectly awful in Broadway; it must have been at least ankle-deep."

"Well, I've never been in Broadway, it is true," said our warning voice, with a smile rather suggestive of a desire to hoax us; "but I consider myself a pretty good judge of mud, and I tell you, without joking, that I have seen it up to the hubs of the wheels."

"You certainly must think me a very credulous person?" said Elsie, stiffly.

"Oh, we are all used to mud!" Cousin Maria hastened to assert. "We have it around Vicksburg, you know, not so very light."

"My dear madam," said our friend, gravely, "permit me to remind you that you have been but one winter in Vicksburg. The mud here is bad, I grant you, when you see it in the height of its development; but it cannot compare with the sublime depth and te-

nacity of the Bottom. Here, for instance, you may use your carriage during the winter; but *there*, when once the winter begins, a wagon is your only hope, and a very slow hope at that; nor is it always a sure one."

Cousin Maria looks rather blank at this; but Elsie said, with some asperity:

"Don't you see that he is only trying to impose upon me? And I am not to be imposed upon by a mere array of big words. As if I did not know that Uncle Leon took his carriage and horses with him!"

"But he does not use his carriage," Gregory felt constrained to say.

"Well, I am not averse to riding in a wagon," said Elsie, coloring. "When we lived in Florida, I never missed a chance of riding in the ox-wagon, and I thought it splendid fun."

"Well," replied our friend the ready waver, "that is fortunate. And, Miss Elsie, if you find the wagon rough, you have only to mount a mule."

At this, Elsie did manifest some alarm. She had an unconquerable terror of horseback exercise. Gregory, however, quietly reassured her.

"There will be no necessity," said he, "for mounting a mule. Uncle Leon has a nice little express-wagon; and the distance from the river to his place is only fourteen miles."

"Ah, dear me!" exclaimed Elsie, "when we lived in Florida I thought nothing of a ride from Tallahassee to Wakulla, which is fully twenty miles."

"Well, Miss Elsie," said our friend, rising to take leave, "I wish you a pleasant and prosperous journey; and, when the wheel sinks to the hub, remember me."

"I am afraid," said our skeptical Elsie, "that, if I wait for *that*, I may forget you beyond all power of recollection."

"Ah, Miss Elsie," replied he, laughing as he bowed himself out, "pardon me; but, though you are just from New York, you have much to learn."

Elsie flushed angrily.

"I must say, Cousin Maria," she exclaimed, as soon as the door closed behind our visitor, "I don't like this friend of yours. He does not flatter himself, I hope, that he has imposed upon me with his exaggerations? Just as though I knew nothing of the South, when I was born in Florida! Of course, I do not expect to find a Russ pavement all the way from—what's the name of the place?—to Uncle Leon's. But that, I suppose, is what he means to insinuate. If it were so very dreadful, Gregory would be the first to tell us the truth," she added, with a trustful glance at Gregory, who certainly winced. But, had he told us the truth, we should only have suspected that he, too, "made a sinner of his memory."

Full of unclouded anticipations, we took passage on one of the famous Mississippi steamboats, which we trusted would not blow up before landing us safely at Prentiss; for that it was the constitutional habit of all Mississippi steamboats to blow up with inconvenient frequency was much more easy of belief to us inexperienced Floridians than

that mud could ever be so deep as to sink a wagon-wheel to the hub.

The passage was made in safety, but we felt no regrets when it was over. The St. Lawrence has been aptly characterized as the "sad, great river of the awful North;" and, if it be permissible to turn so felicitous a description wrong side out, the Mississippi may quite as aptly be called the "sad, great river of the awful South." After an anxious but vain endeavor to trace some gleam of beauty in the monotonous intricacy of the jaundiced stream, Elsie retired to the cabin in disgust, and applied herself with commendable diligence to the task of "qualifying" her very limited knowledge of euche.

We had the good fortune to arrive at Prentiss in the daytime—the good fortune, I say, not because the approach to that incipient hamlet is so fine that to miss it would be cause for regret, but because, as every traveler knows, it is misery to disembark in the night.

"See, Elsie!" cried Gregory, with the shy eagerness of one who doubts whether his enthusiasm will meet with sympathy, "there is Prentiss!"

"Where?" queried Elsie, with unconscious satire, looking quite over and beyond the hotel, the warehouse, the court-house, and the one "store," that then constituted the town.

"There," said Gregory, with intense emphasis. Evidently he would have liked to uphold the pretensions of the county-site of Bolivar.

"But I thought Prentiss was a town," Elsie gasped.

"So it is a town," retorted Gregory, irritably. "At least, for this part of the world."

Elsie only said, "Oh!" She was beginning to suspect that there might be some things in heaven and earth not dreamt of in her philosophy.

At Prentiss we staid all night, and very early the next morning Gregory sent up word that Uncle Leon had arrived and was impatient to start.

"There!" we exclaimed, exultantly, as we sprang out of bed. "What better proof of good roads could one ask? Uncle Leon could never have accomplished fourteen miles since daylight, if the mud were really so bad as our Vicksburg friend would have had us believe."

Elsie's first care was to "spy out the land" from the window; and she soon announced the result of her observation in the words—

"Cousin Maria, I see no mud."

Cousin Maria immediately ran to the window, surveyed the prospect, and corroborated Elsie's testimony; assuredly, there was no mud to be seen. On the left was the turbid, irrepressible river, already on a level with its banks; on the right, a forest of lofty trees, from which, however, the cane had been cleared away; and, between the river and the forest, a ridge of earthwork, from five to eight feet high. Along this ridge, either by its side or on its crest, ran the road—an irreplicable road, smooth, level, and inviting. We scanned it a moment in silent satisfaction, and then we laughed.

"It was unpardonably rude of that man,"

said Elsie, "and very clumsy, too, to attempt to quiz me in that way. Fortunately, I was on my guard, and I think I showed him plainly that I am not to be deceived by such Munchausenisms, though I am just out of school."

When we came down-stairs, we found Gregory on the piazza, in earnest conversation with a gentleman (not Uncle Leon), and the words "along the levee," "pretty fair, solid ground," "a mud-hole or two," which we caught here and there, convinced us that they were discussing the road. The gentleman walked away as we approached, but, before he had crossed the street, the spruce little warehouse clerk accosted him with—

"Hello! Mr. Lane; how's mud?"

"Stiff, sir, stiff! Mire a shadow!" replied Mr. Lane, laconically. The by-standers laughed.

"Elsie," said Cousin Maria, with some uneasiness, "did you hear that?"

"Yes," answered Elsie, serenely. "It is just the kind of jest I should expect from a man that wears his boots outside his pantaloons."

"I don't know," said Cousin Maria, dubiously; "you see they all seem to dress that way here."

"Not *all*," replied Elsie, with a glance of approval at Gregory.

Just then Uncle Leon came upon the piazza, and gave us a hearty welcome. "But it is high time to be off," cried he, cutting short his greetings. "It is nearly eight o'clock. Get your traps together and eat your breakfast, for the wagon will be here now directly; I am going this moment to hurry it."

What was Elsie's mortification to perceive, as he turned away, that Uncle Leon was not so regardless of the proprieties of dress as Gregory!

"Uncle Leon!" she exclaimed, almost involuntarily, "what—what is the matter with your pantaloons?"

"What, eh?" said he, twisting first one leg and then the other. "Aren't they well stuffed in?"

"Well stuffed in?" echoed Elsie. "Indeed they are! But you don't surely mean to go that way?"

Uncle Leon stood still and eyed her from head to foot. He saw, obtuse old bachelor though he was, that, from the crown of her stylish bonnet to the heels of her paper-soled boots (for, in those days, Elsie had no sense about shoes), she was most daintily dressed, and he said, coolly:

"When all that finery comes to grief, you'll see the sense of doing as I do."

"Uncle Leon is an old bachelor," said Elsie, crossly, as he went off to see about the wagon.

We breakfasted hastily, gathered together our shawls and satchels, and, escorted by Gregory, the landlady, the cook, three little negroes, five dogs, and a cat, we proceeded to the front, just as a neat express-wagon, drawn by two powerful mules, and driven by Uncle Leon himself, appeared at the gate.

"Dat wagon ain't come no fo'teen mile dis day," said the cook, shaking her turbaned head in a melancholy way.

"Who say it have?" retorted a half-

grown boy, lolling against the palings. "Ain't nobody come no fo'teen mile *dis day yit*; is you, Mat?"

"Not much," answered Mat, who was to be our driver. "Come up last evening by sunset to the Halsey place, purpose to ketch to-day by de fo'-lock. The wagon, it's been here waitin' on these passengers several days, it has."

"Dem mules is fresh, I tell you!" said one of the little negroes, who had climbed the fence at the imminent risk of impaling himself. "Dey isn't smelt mud yet, *dey* isn't; deir hades (heads) is too high."

"For true, Jim," said another; "dey is fotchit from Kaintuck, 'spress for dis trip, I spec. Don' you know, *dem's* de mules been in our stable dis fo' days an' mo'?"

This colloquy took place while they were getting our baggage into the wagon. Uncle Leon looked at the heavy trunks as they were brought out, and gave a long, low whistle.

"Can't be did!" said he, shortly.

"Oh, I am used to that," said Elsie, in reply to cousin Maria's questioning glance. "Men are always flouting our trunks. As if a woman's things could be packed in a hand-satchel!"

The trunks went into the wagon after that, chiefly, no doubt, through Gregory's influence; and then we were called upon to mount, literally to *mount*, for the wagon was a "top-lofty" vehicle, and our seats were two split-bottomed chairs, borrowed of the good-natured landlady, who had assured us that the mud was not so bad but that people managed to get through it every day; which assurance had fortified us against those unacceptable comments we had heard from the negroes.

When once we were mounted, Cousin Maria bore the conspicuous position very well; but for Elsie it was quite an ordeal, much as she had boasted of riding in the ox-wagon in Florida, and little as she esteemed men who wore their pantaloons inside their boots.

"Up with you, Mat!" said Uncle Leon, cheerily; and Mat jumped into his seat, cracked his whip, and away we went, at a brisk pace that bore testimony alike to the freshness of the mules and the excellence of the road. Gregory and Uncle Leon followed on horseback, which gave us a comfortable sense of security in case of danger; and as the weather was bright and still, and not too cold, we promised ourselves a pleasant time.

"Why, this is delightful!" exclaimed Elsie. "I never saw a better road."

This remark was addressed to Gregory, who rode by the side of the wagon. Uncle Leon kept aloof, as though he disdained the frivolity of conversation while occupied with the weightier matter of our transportation. Whenever we passed him, or he passed us, as we trotted along, he wore so stern a visage, that we had no desire to exchange thoughts with him. But we knew that he was always solemn and forbidding when he undertook a journey, so we accepted his moodiness as a matter of course, and made ourselves merry with Gregory.

"Is it not absurd," said Elsie, with her

eyes fixed on Uncle Leon's boots, "to adopt that odious custom when there is not a speck of mud to be seen?"

Just then the wagon gave a lurch, and down went first one wheel and then the other on the right-hand side, into a mud-hole about as large as a wash-tub.

Elsie turned pale, and grasped Cousin Maria's arm.

Gregory laughed. "It is nothing," said he, "but a slight inequality in the road."

"Is that all?" said Elsie, relieved; and then she looked back and laughed at her own terror. "I suppose," she added, with great complacency, "that is what our Vicksburg friend meant by going over the hub. But did it, now, did it, *really*, come anywhere near the hub—oh, Mat?"

"Nothing like!" said Mat, with an encouraging grin.

Elsie recovered her color, and we trotted along as briskly as before. Soon, however, we came to another "slight inequality in the road," somewhat larger than the first one. This time every wheel went in.

"Oh, my!" cried Elsie, faintly, clutching again at Cousin Maria.

"It's nothing," said Gregory, reassuringly.

"N—o; I sup—pose not," said Elsie, struggling for composure; "but—but—I can't say it's exactly pleasant, you know.—Are there any more like this, Mat?"

"No, Miss Elsie, not like *that*, there ain't," said Mat, with questionable emphasis.

Elsie was thankful. She had never seen such *inequalities* in Broadway, which was her model of a high-road, nor yet in Florida, when she took excursions to the pine-barrens in the ox-wagon.

Before we arrived at the next mud-hole, Elsie was herself again, exulting in the excellence of the road, indignant at the exaggerations of our Vicksburg friend, and well assured of the childish absurdity of her recent terror. But that terror returned in tenfold force when we approached a suspicious-looking spot, some twenty or thirty yards in circumference.

"Oh, dear!" she gasped. "This really looks dangerous.—Stop, Mat!—Cousin Maria, I do think we should get out here; it is a regular quagmire.—Stop, Mat, I say!"

"Laws, Miss Elsie!" said Mat, grinning from ear to ear, "how you ever gwine git 'cross this her', 'thouten you stay where you is?"

"But I tell you I don't like the looks of it!" said Elsie, sharply.

"No more do I," said Cousin Maria, dubiously.

"Oh, pray, pray let us get out," pleaded Elsie, who felt as though her sheet-anchor was gone when Cousin Maria's courage wavered.

"There is not the least danger," said Gregory, encouragingly. He had lagged behind for a few moments, but he now rode by the side of the wagon—very suspiciously near.

Elsie gave him one quick, scrutinizing glance, and cried out, excitedly:

"Oh! there is danger! I know that there is danger, *for even you have tucked your pants-*

loose into your boots! O Gregory! how can you risk our lives in this cruel, cruel way!"

"Elsie, be quiet!" said Cousin Maria.

Gregory reiterated his assurance that there was no danger; but Elsie, quaking like the devout coward she was, asked, at every turn of the wheels, "Is it over the hub?"

"Shying at a duck-puttle!" said Uncle Leon, contemptuously. Those were the first words he had spoken since he shook his head over the trunks, and, to say the least, they were not cheering.

"Well, I hope and pray," said Elsie, still shaking, "that it may be the last I shall ever be called to pass through."

She bore our next experience better. We had yet a short distance of solid ground to travel over, and then we turned abruptly into the canebrake. Our road hitherto had been along the levee, with open fields on our right, and the river on our left; but now we were hedged on either hand by tall trees that almost shut out the sky, and by the impenetrable cane, that, towering above the heads of our outriders, confined our prospect to the black and boggy road; for we had not left the levee ten yards behind us when we came upon the MUD.

Elsie rose cautiously and looked ahead, striving in vain to descry the end.

"It's longer than the other," said she, resignedly, as she sat down again. Then she looked over the side of the wagon at the wheels, and added, cheerfully, "It's not up to the hub, by any means." After a few moments of patient silence, she exclaimed, fretfully, "Mat, how much longer is *this duck-puttle*?"

"Tain't no duck-puttle, Miss Elsie," answered Mat, evasively.

"Well; *how* much longer?"

"You'll git used to it, Miss Elsie, 'fore you see the end," said Mat, still evasive. "This mud's not so bad, you know."

"No; I don't know! And I don't care to get used to it. I don't see any end to it, for my part!" desperately.

"Nor me, nuther," said Mat, solemnly.

Elsie looked appealingly at Cousin Maria, who laughed and said that it might be worse, and that mortals are proverbially short-sighted; which, under the circumstances, was about as comforting as any abstract truth.

"But there must be dry land *somewhere*," persisted Elsie.

"No, Miss Elsie; it's more or less like this all the way from here home," said Mat.

His merry grin was gone; the spell of the sombre forest was upon him, and he spoke with impressive solemnity.

Elsie's eyes expanded with dismay. "*More or less!*" she said, indignantly. "Gregory, why did you not tell me what I was to expect?"

"You would never have believed me," said Gregory.

"No, indeed!" she retorted. "I can hardly believe my own senses. I never saw such mud. And to think that it lasts for miles!"

"This ain't nothing," said Mat, consolingly.

"No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so

wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough," quoted Elsie, ironically. "One comfort, it is not quite up to the hub yet."

"You are getting used to it bravely," said Gregory.

"Yes, because I must," Elsie answered, spitefully.

All this time Uncle Leon continued to go on our company. He rode ahead, and seldom looked back, except to frown forbiddingly at us, as if we women were responsible for the mud. Elsie, busied in watching the wheels, maintained a long silence; but suddenly she cried out:

"Cousin Maria, it is getting deeper; it is almost up to the hub!"

"Nonsense!" said Cousin Maria; "you are getting excited."

"No," said Elsie, in a voice that proved unmistakably the truth of Cousin Maria's accusation—"no, I am prepared for the worst; I renounce my skepticism; I believe in that friend of yours; I acknowledge the potency, the irresistibility of this mud; but—oh, as sure as you live, it is—over the hub! O Gregory!" she screamed. "Stop, Mat! I—I would feel a great deal better, Gregory, if you would drive."

"Laws, Miss Elsie," said Mat, with his unflinching refrain, "this ain't nothing; jes' a stump-hole; and them is nait'rally givey."

Elsie, seeing that the hubs of the wheels immediately reappeared, smiled faintly.

"Is that all?" she said, with a great sigh of relief. "But, Gregory, I should feel better satisfied if you would drive."

"How unreasonable you are, Elsie!" said Cousin Maria. "I dare say Mat is the better driver."

But Elsie was not to be convinced; so Gregory assumed the reins, and Mat bestrode Gregory's horse, and, pacified by this exchange, Elsie bore herself more quietly. She could notice and commiserate the poor mules covered with mire above the knees, and straining painfully at every step. She could even smile, though a faint and ghastly smile it was, whenever the wheels sank a little deeper than usual.

About this time Uncle Leon, finding himself near enough for conversation, abruptly asked for the luncheon-basket.

"Luncheon!" repeated Cousin Maria, with an imbecile stare. "Why, we—brought none!"

"Brought none!" shouted Uncle Leon, in wrath. "The thoughtlessness of women!"

"Why—why," stammered Cousin Maria, "we expected to dine at your house."

"So we will," Uncle Leon answered, tartly, "if you are willing to wait until to-morrow, provided we don't starve in this wilderness before to-morrow comes."

"But is there no house that we may stop at?" asked Cousin Maria, who trembled at the prospect of starving in the wilderness.

"House! Hum! house, indeed!" growled Uncle Leon, and plodded ahead, indignant.

"This is too bad!" exclaimed Cousin Maria. "But really I could not foresee that we would need luncheon."

"Pooh!" said Elsie, coolly. "It is the way of men to be forever thinking of something to eat; and Uncle Leon, you know, al-

ways did and always will anticipate the worst. Besides, it is always a comfort to a man to blame us."

But the situation was becoming really serious. Hitherto we had not thought of the time; but now, upon consulting our watches, we were alarmed to find that it was past three o'clock, a discovery that rendered us immediately and painfully conscious of hunger.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Elsie, ruefully, "I haven't so much as a stick of candy about me."

"Nor a cracker," sighed Cousin Maria.

Gregory, after fumbling in his pockets, presently announced that he had discovered an apple and a cigar.

"Oh, give us the apple," cried Elsie, hungrily, "and we won't deprive you of the cigar."

So the apple was speedily devoured; but it was not a sufficiently generous repast to render us indifferent to the fact that the sky was becoming heavily overcast, and that a bitter wind was rising. The mud was frightful, and growing worse—"in the lowest depth a lower deep," and so forth. But we were becoming acclimated, so to speak; we no longer wiped away the mire that bespattered our cloaks, and when the wagon gave a lurch we did not give ourselves up for lost.

But the worst was still to come; we were yet to learn that our bravery was but a snare and a delusion. A quick glance ahead on the part of Gregory, an unmistakable look of preparation in his face as he gathered the reins more securely and shifted the whip, awoke our slumbering fears; and, before we could utter a word, down, down went the wheels so deep into the mire that it seemed beyond the power of mules to extricate us. Elsie smothered a shriek; Cousin Maria bit her lips and summoned all her fortitude. The mules tugged and strained, and then stood still; in vain Gregory urged them with voice and lash; they would not stir.

"For Heaven's sake, Gregory!" shrieked Uncle Leon, spurring his horse up to the wagon, "mind what you are about! Don't let them stall!"

"Not if I can help it!" said Gregory, rising to his feet. "Hi! git up! He-y! git up!" (Everybody that has been in the Mississippi Bottom knows the utter futility of addressing mules in good English.)

"Get down from there, Gregory!" Uncle Leon fairly yelled, as he bounced off his horse; "get down, sir, before you make matters worse, and give me those reins."

Gregory obeyed, and Uncle Leon lost no time in mounting the wagon.

"If we live to get out of this," said Cousin Maria, sententiously, "we shall be immortal."

"Oh, do you think so?" said Elsie, with perfect seriousness.

"This is no time for nonsense, girl," said Uncle Leon, severely.

With a self-confidence truly manly, our Uncle Leon honestly believed that he could do every thing better than any one else; moreover, he possessed in a remarkable degree the power of appropriating to himself the views and habits of any people among whom he might happen to be thrown. Now, the wagoners in the Mississippi Bottom hold the

opinion that mules cannot be driven through a tough place without the most exciting "vociferations," to use a delicate euphemism; and Uncle Leon, in his secret soul, was glad of the opportunity to prove himself equal to the exigencies of swamp-life. He was evidently wrought up to a mighty effort; and one must have been bold indeed to question his ability to master the situation.

There was a brief interval of silence, like the ominous lull that precedes a storm, while Uncle Leon stood up in the wagon, grasped the reins with a sort of savage firmness, raised the whip—and then the tempest burst!

Poor Elsie, who never in her life had heard any one swear, and who had been taught to reverence Uncle Leon as one of the most correct of men, turned pale and trembled, more with horror, now, than with fear. To be sure, Uncle Leon said nothing worse than "Git up, you dogs! Here's the devil's own jelly to pull through!" but he yelled out this highly original exhortation with emphasis so furious, he stamped so fiendishly, and plied his whip so extravagantly, keeping Cousin Maria ducking and dodging, and cutting every feather off of Elsie's pretty bonnet, that it was no wonder she cried and wrung her hands.

"What are you making such a baby of yourself for?" said Uncle Leon, roughly, not that he meant to be unkind, but he felt it as a personal injury that Elsie's courage would not mount with occasion.

"How can I help it," sobbed Elsie, "when you keep swearing and stamping in that dreadful way? I would a great deal rather have Gregory drive; he doesn't go on in that awful manner."

Now this was too much for Uncle Leon, who felt that he was conducting himself with great credit as a driver, and he answered, angrily:

"Stuff! Gregory would swear, too, if you were not here."

Poor Elsie had been called upon to mourn so many *illusions perdues* in the course of this memorable trip that she made no attempt to refute this assertion. "It is all the effect of mud, I suppose," sighed she, somewhat consoled to find that the mules had actually been terrified through the Slough of Despond, and were now plodding on as before.

Uncle Leon, after this rebuke to Elsie, subsided, and drove on in moody silence. We had just begun to hope that our perils were finally past when, dreadful to relate, the mules came to a dead halt. "Git up!" said Uncle Leon, crossly; but, instead of getting up, the poor mules got down, a proceeding that completely baffled our amateur driver. He had no more stimulating phrases at command. "Mat," said he, mildly, "come here and see whether you cannot get them up."

Mat dismounted, and so did Gregory; but all that they could do was of no avail; the mules would not rise. Uncle Leon, who had watched their efforts with grim impassiveness, exclaimed, petulantly:

"What's the matter with them?"

"Dey is done dead beat, Mars Leon, an' dat's a sure fac'," said Mat, shaking his head dismally.

"Impossible!" cried Uncle Leon, always slow to believe whatever he did not like to believe; and then, with that satisfaction in bestowing blame which no son of Adam can forego, he muttered: "Those confounded trunks! I knew how it would be!" Elsie, heretofore so ready to do battle for her baggage, did not contradict him.

"So—h, boys! Git up! Git up there, my brave fellows!" said Uncle Leon, coaxingly, jerking at the reins in a spasmodic, helpless way; but he did not swear. Elsie, with the perversity of a woman, wished that he would.

"Good Heavens!" he ejaculated, at last, in despair, seeing that he made no impression on the prostrate animals; "night coming on, a storm coming up, and five miles from home! What on earth are we to do?"

Upon this a consultation was held, and it was decided that Mat should be sent forward for fresh mules. Gregory then suggested that the wagon might be lightened of its load, so that when the mules should be somewhat rested, they could be coaxed a few yards farther on where the mud was not so bad. As it was not deemed expedient to remove the trunks, the lot fell upon us women, and Gregory took us, one at a time, in his arms, and bore us through the mire to the foot of a large tree on the road-side, where it was comparatively dry. He had taken the precaution to spread down an armful of cane, and we, having long before lost all scrupulousness about our dress, sat down upon the rushes to await Mat's return with what patience we could.

It was a relief to be out of the wagon, and with laughing and talking and singing the time sped away more rapidly than we could have thought possible under the circumstances. Uncle Leon could not be induced to join us; but, by dint of almost superhuman perseverance, having urged the jaded mules to drag the wagon by slow stages to a spot about fifty yards farther on, there he sat alone, obstinately bent upon discountenancing our frivolity.

At last, before it was yet too dark to see our way, a loud halloo, followed soon by the jingling of trace-chains, heralded Mat's approach. He was accompanied by two other negroes, each mounted and leading a mule.

Four mules were harnessed to our wagon forthwith, and then an elephantine creature, Hannah by name, assuredly the most stubborn of her race and sex, was led up for the purpose of conveying us to the wagon, now distant about two hundred yards.

At sight of this huge creature, Elsie shrank appalled, and declared that she could not and would not get upon its back—she would walk rather.

"Through this mud, Elsie?—You are crazy!" said Cousin Maria.

Elsie looked at the bristling cane that grew along the edge of the road, "terrible as an army with banners," and saw that she could not hope to penetrate such a thicket; she looked wistfully at Gregory, and paused. No, even to her tardy perception it was evident that Gregory, who could just stagger ten steps under her weight, could not carry her two hundred yards.

"I would rather die!" she said, desperately.

"Nonsense, Elsie!" said Cousin Maria. "What is there to fear? The fleetest courser would not run away with you on this road, and if you should fall off, the mud will catch you softly.—I'll set her a good example, Gregory."

So saying, Cousin Maria, who never had been on horseback before, valiantly thrust her foot into the stirrup, and, after a few seconds of involuntary oscillation, seated herself in triumph on Hannah's back, but—with her face to Hannah's tail!

The shout of laughter that rent the air at this achievement made Uncle Leon stand up in the wagon to discover the cause; but when he saw Cousin Maria in this ridiculous position, he turned his back in speechless contempt. As for Elsie, she dropped upon the ground overcome; and to this day she does not know how Cousin Maria managed to right herself.

But, by some means or other, Cousin Maria did manage to right herself, and then Hannah the Firm showed the spirit whereof she was made. She planted her feet on the little space of dry ground where we were gathered together, and plainly gave us to understand, with the most unperturbed countenance ever worn by mule, that into that mud she would not go.

"Ef you kin only git her to start, she'll keep a-gwine," said Mat, who had exhausted the persuasive powers of a long cane-switch.

"Ketch her by the bit, Mat," said one of the reinforcement, "and kinder, sorter, juk her along."

But Madam Hannah understood the art of "juking" better than Mat, who was soon rendered *hors de combat*.

"Don't jerk her," said Gregory; "hold her head steady, and she'll give in."

"Suppose I poke her with my parasol?" said Elsie, spitefully, when she saw that Hannah did not give in; and, without waiting for permission, she suited the action to the word.

Whether Hannah had reached the limit of her power of endurance, or whether she resented Elsie's thrusts as the greatest indignity she had yet been called upon to undergo, she gave a sudden lurch, and started off with such good-will that Cousin Maria, in her efforts to preserve her balance, clutched wildly at the creature's long ears, missed them, and must have fallen, but for Gregory, who walked by her side. But, once conquered, the obdurate Hannah made no further resistance; and Elsie, in her turn, was quickly and safely transported to the wagon.

We had no further adventure. The fresh mules pulled well, but, as there was no diminution of mud, they pulled so slowly that it was nearly nine o'clock before we arrived at Uncle Leon's house, where we received, of course, a warm welcome—and a noisy one; for half a dozen little negroes and as many dogs announced our approach; and as soon as we were well out of the wagon, grandmother and Susy seized upon us and hurried us off to a roaring fire of hickory and ash.

At first, as may be imagined, so great a confusion of tongues prevailed that nothing coherent could be elicited from any of us; but Elsie and grandmother finally "took the sense of the committee."

"O grandmother!" cried Elsie, "I know now what is meant by the School of Experience. You would not believe me, if I were to tell you how awful the mud is!"

"Oh, yes, child," said grandmother, placidly; "I was once as hard of belief as you, but I accept any thing they tell me about this Bottom now."

"And there was Uncle Leon scowling at us like vengeance, so that we didn't dare abuse the country," said Cousin Maria.

"I knew what was before us," said Uncle Leon, with a slow smile. "The mud is 'awful,' as Elsie says; but it's a wonderful soil for cotton. Why, there's a man on Deer Creek has made seven hundred bales on three hundred acres. Think of that!"

"Yes," said grandmother, quietly; "I heard him say so; but I did not ask how many pounds he packs to the bale."

KAMBA THORPE.

COUPLET AND QUATRAINS.

I.

A CERTAIN CONSERVATIVE.

HE holds a chrysalis aloft, infirm,
Forgetting wings have borne away the worm.

II.

A STATUE OF JUPITER BY PHIDIAS.

(From the Greek Anthology.)

Either Jove came to earth from heaven to show
His very self to thee,
Or, Phidias, thou from earth to heaven didst go
The god himself to see.

III.

NEW LIFE.

The Past falls from me like some burdening dream.

Hopeful I walk upon a morning shore,
While old despairs, like mist along the stream,
Climb wondering at the sun, and are no more.

IV.

THE WHITE-LIAN.

Beautiful, bright deceiver!
On your lips are many lies,
But the truths they murder so lightly,
Live, above, in their heaven, your eyes!

V.

PRECIOUS DEPOSITS.

Diamonds in tropic river-beds, they say,
Are found when the fierce floods are drained away;

So, in our lives when passion-torrents flow
No more, shine Wisdom's precious stones below.

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN an editorial article on "Incentives to Education," in the April number of THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, in which the prize system is sharply condemned, there occur two or three sentences that seem to us very suggestive. "Undoubtedly," says the editor, "we are drifting into a great system of wholesale machine-education, which deals with masses under general inflexible regulations, and in which the individual, as such, virtually disappears. The ambition is to drive all the children into the suffocating establishments called schools, and swell the numbers, and thus furnish materials for the National Bureau of Education, that it may flout its astonishing statistics in the face of an admiring world."

There is no doubt that many thoughtful people are acknowledging that our public-school system has not for some reason been as prolific of good results as at one period was generally anticipated. The schools have no doubt advanced along the path laid out for them; there has been great zeal exhibited by those who direct them; their merits, their needs, their purposes, their advancement, have been widely discussed and agitated; and yet the result is not altogether satisfactory. A great deal seems to be taught and a great deal learned, and yet very little appears to be known. Text-books are coned with thoroughness; lessons are learned faithfully; the prescribed formulas are followed; and the result we find to be well-charged memories, but few wide, or large, or accurate ideas upon any thing, or faculty for doing any thing. Is, then, the word in the quotation above exactly right, and the schools simply "suffocating" establishments? Have growth of mind and development of intelligence with pupils generally been arrested by "wholesale machine methods" and cast-iron formalism? We fear these questions must be answered in the affirmative. There are natures, of course, that break through formalism, and intelligences so keen and active that no process of suffocation can subdue them. But assuredly, out of our vast and well-equipped school system, better average culture and training than such as we find ought to come, if the schools are really what they are claimed to be. There are many educational forces in America supplementing the schools, and hence a certain mental activity is always apparent; people are emotional, susceptible, and free with opinion; but are there that large culture and sound knowledge which we have the right to expect? And is it possible to secure satisfactory results so long as our educational training consists solely of the curriculum of the schools? Does high and broad culture, after all, ever come of schools at all? Has not the great mistake in America been in allowing schools to supplant private tutorship

so generally? The best culture would seem to be only possible under a system that permits each individual to develop his powers according to his own nature. Memorizing and lesson-getting as exclusive means of education kill. They render certain disciplinary services, perhaps; but, it appears to us, that only that system of education is worthy of consideration which awakens and stirs the imagination of the student, which teaches him how to use his eyes and ears, how to think and analyze, how to discover and know, rather than how to merely remember. Private tutorship has frequently been criticised as narrow and inadequate, and as fostering the egotism and vanity of the pupil. Public schools may do something toward promoting robust manhood, but we are convinced that culture of the highest order is possible only by a large place in our system for the individual development that competent private training alone can fully give. Either our school system must be so far modified as to admit of the personal equation, so to speak—that is, permitting the individual to develop according to the characteristics of his nature, and to enjoy that sort of guidance that acts directly upon his best faculties; or else we must recognize the value of private tutorship, and discern how peculiarly competent it is for the awakening of ideas, the direction of energy, the expansion of individual genius, and the æsthetic culture of the tastes.

To recover a shattered reputation, and reassert a lost influence and a clouded fame, is a task which few men, even men of genius, are capable of accomplishing. It has been done, however, by one French statesman of our generation, who has lived down obloquy, and, by the force of genius and character, has risen superior to what seemed overwhelming disaster. Our readers will not have forgotten the storm of vituperation and wrath with which Léon Gambetta was assailed, both at home and abroad, immediately after the capture of Paris and the final defeat of the French early in 1871. To believe the editors and pamphleteers of the moment, he was as bad as the Barbe of Macaulay, who had not "a virtue, nor even the semblance of one." Thiers, who does not always measure his words, called him "a furious fool." He was generally regarded as a blatant and blustering demagogue, incapable of the simplest tasks of political power. Sardou mercilessly satirized Gambetta, as he was supposed to be, in "Rabagas." Not content with impeaching his intellect, his assailants brought a cloud of charges of corruption against him. A poor lawyer when he rose to be director, he was said to have become a millionaire during his brief and stormy reign. There was a loud whisper that he had purchased a château in Spain; it turned out to be a castle in the air. Gambetta has not

only survived all these absurd fables and this unreasoning abuse, but has once more become a great figure and power in France. The most bigoted Legitimist would not deny that he is incomparably the greatest of living French orators. Thiers is now glad to accept him as a close friend and ally. When he ascends the tribune—which he does not often, for he is as prudent as he is glorious in speech—his most inveterate foes stretch out their necks to catch every word. To the shrewdness of Machiavel he adds the glowing, southern fire of Mirabeau; half Italian and half French, his genius seems a singular mixture of the intellectual virtues of the two races, developed to an extraordinary degree. His course for the past two years has been that of a wise, thoughtful, and patriotic statesman. That the Republicans have been patient, conciliatory, and orderly, is due to Gambetta's counsels far more than to any other cause. His fame was never so bright, his future never so promising, as now; and, should the republic remain, and he live, it seems written in his destiny that he will one day be its president.

"OBJECT-TEACHING" for adults, as well as children, is encouraged by the decision of the British Government to open the Tower of London on certain days, free to the public. Hitherto a fee of sixpence has been demanded to see this sight of London sights. It is a great boon to poorer London, that cannot afford sixpences, to be allowed to wander through the quaint old rooms of the hoary prison-palace, and there can be no doubt that it will be a valuable accessory to the public education. It will be essentially an "object-teaching" of history. An ordinary man—the artisan, the clerk, the day-laborer—who has no time to read Hume, and Macaulay, and Froude, will learn more of the history of the Plantagenets and Tudors by a stroll through the tower than in any other way. The habits and manners of the olden time are at every turn vividly called to mind. You are drawn much nearer to an estimation of Henry VIII. and James I. by seeing the armor they wore, the rooms they occupied, the methods of punishment they adopted. To throw open the Tower to the humbler classes is to carry out the "kindergarten" principle of combining instruction with amusement. No fees are to be charged on Saturdays and Mondays; on other days, the old fee of sixpence is demanded. This is to give respectability a chance to see the Tower without elbowing the seediness of poverty. All genteel people will, of course, regard the sixpence as a *bagatelle* in comparison with the protection it affords. Only very eccentric and penny-wise Americans will venture to condemn conventionalities, and avail themselves of the free days to see the show. There are now but few of the historic monuments of London which are not open free at certain

times. Even the royal palaces may be invaded at proper seasons. While Victoria is rusticated at Balmoral, or sea-viewing at Osborne, crowds of her curious subjects tide through the state-rooms of Buckingham Palace and Windsor. You are no longer asked at Westminster Abbey for a sixpence when you wish to see the magnificent chapel of Henry VII.; and all the world may stand at Wellington's tomb, in St. Paul's crypt, without the painful impression of having paid, as an entrance-fee, the same tribute that is demanded at the side-tents of a circus.

SOMETHING really must be done to suppress the ambition of our architects. A few recent structures in New York look as if the builders were inspired by the insane desire of seeing who could go the highest, and who could most effectually extinguish the structures of his neighbors. Stories are piled on stories; towers lift to the height of church-spires; and wonderful combinations of color are resorted to in order to give emphasis to the overgrown mass. The new Western Union Telegraph Company's building and the new *Tribune* structure are wonders. They are very big, very massive, very costly, and very ugly. Every thing about them is in the superlative. The zeal and ambition of the builders stopped at nothing. They were undaunted by height; they were proudly resolute to cast into insignificance rival structures of all kinds; they were bound to fill every beholder with awe and amazement; they were determined that no eye should miss the edifices they had reared, and no corner of the country should remain ignorant of them; in short, they were bent upon erecting structures which should amply fulfill the special function of advertising the trades housed within them, and the result is a great and wonderful success. The *Evening Post* new building is also of the same ambitious sort, equaling its rivals in number of stories, but foregoing a tower, and escaping their harsh and staring colors. It is strange that our architects are so insensible to harmony of tints. Up-town we have a number of new buildings, railway-stations, hospitals, etc., built of red brick, with white-stone trimmings, and the effect is most raw and distressing. The *Tribune* and Telegraph buildings are of red brick and granite trimmings, and the contrast is only a degree less bad than the white and red. The *Post* building is of red brick and brown-stone, which make a very rich and pleasing effect, although we think that brick and Caen stone afford the most pleasing combination of all. It is a great pity that the new buildings we have mentioned should have been erected of such conspicuous proportions without forethought as to the effect of the tints employed; and a greater pity that their relation to surrounding structures should have been rudely disregarded. If every

builder is to go upon the principle that he must outdo all his neighbors, in total contempt for general unity and coherence of effect, our city will soon become appallingly ugly. If this passion goes on we shall dread to see a new building go up, we shall tremble when we hear of "new and spacious edifices" under consideration, and shall come to feel that the only way to keep the city endurable to the eye will be to keep down its prosperity.

Our recent controversy with Dr. Coan, of the *Galaxy*, was managed on both sides without the calling of names; but a writer in the *Nation* has stepped airily into the arena, and given us a touch of his accomplishments in the art of throwing epithets and misrepresenting an argument. If this gentleman insists upon calling us "a Philistine" because we venture to have an opinion that differs from his own, we suppose he must be indulged; there is as yet no law to compel a critic to acknowledge the obligations of truth and justice. We beg to assure this gentleman, vain as the task may be, that nothing we have uttered warrants him in assuming that we would take "a savage delight in the shocking story of John Adams's reply to a French sculptor who had asked permission to take the ex-President's portrait in marble," the reply being: "The age of sculpture and painting has not yet arrived in this country, and I hope it will be long before it does so. I wouldn't give a sixpence for a picture by Raphael or a statue by Phidias." Now, the head and front of our offending is, that we deplored that other extreme of art-opinion as manifested by Lord Roseburg, whose position was equivalent to asserting that a country isn't worth a sixpence that hasn't produced a Raphael or a Phidias! We were particular to claim for æsthetic culture its just and proper place in our civilization, but argued against that dilettanteism which assumes that art is the dominant purpose of life and the whole duty of man.

Literary.

THE republication in this country of Mr. Bosworth Smith's lectures on "Mohammedanism" * gives us a book for which we have good reason to be grateful. It comes at a time when a considerable discussion on the services of the Mohammedan religion to civilization and science has made the general reader desirous of having his knowledge fortified by an impartial presentation of what that religion really effected, and what it claimed; and the many interested students of Dr. Draper's recent "Religion and Science" and the disputation aroused by it, will regard the new publication with unusual attention.

* Mohammed and Mohammedanism: Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in February and March, 1874. By R. Bosworth Smith, M. A., Assistant Master in Harrow School, etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The lectures, as explained by Mr. Smith, are "an attempt, however imperfect, within a narrow compass, but, it is hoped, from a somewhat comprehensive and independent point of view, to render justice to what was great in Mohammed's character, and to what has been good in Mohammed's influence on the world." It is a work in which the author's intentions might easily be misunderstood; and this Mr. Smith sees and secures himself against in the minds of all intelligent readers. He points out that he is not a special pleader, but that, in closely following a subject, an author is very liable to appear so.

"A Christian," he says, "who retains that paramount allegiance to Christianity which is his birthright, and yet attempts, without favor and without prejudice, to portray another religion, is inevitably exposed to misconstruction. In the study of his subject he will have been struck sometimes by the extraordinary resemblance between his own creed and another, sometimes by the sharpness of the contrast; and, in order to avoid those misrepresentations, which are, unfortunately, never so common as where they ought to be unknown—in the discussion of religious questions—he will be tempted, in filling in the portrait, to project his own personal predilections on the canvas, and to bring the differences into full relief, while he leaves the resemblances in shadow."

Besides this more personal introductory passage, it is worth while to note what Mr. Smith says in the beginning of his lectures about the merits and incompleteness of comparative religion as a science, and of certain aspects of religion itself; for his remarks are of wider application than is here given to them, and we regard as among the ablest words that have been written on their subject:

"The science of comparative religion is still in its infancy; and, if there is one danger more than another against which it should be on its guard, it is that of hasty and ill-considered generalization. Hasty generalization is the besetting temptation of all young sciences; may I not say of science in general? They are in too great a hurry to justify their existence by arriving at results which may be generally intelligible, instead of waiting patiently till the result shapes itself from the premises; as if, in the pursuit of truth, the chase was not always worth more than the game, and the process itself more than the result. Theory has, it is true, its advantages, even in a young science, in the way of suggesting a definite line which inquiry may take. . . . But since there are few Keplers in the world—men ready to sacrifice, without hesitation, an hypothesis that had seemed to explain the universe, and become, as it were, a part of themselves, the moment that the facts seem to require it—great circumspection will always be needed lest the facts may be made to bend to the theory, instead of its being modified to meet them.

"Bearing this caution in mind, we may, perhaps, think that the science of comparative religion, young as it is, has yet been in existence long enough to enable us to lay it down, at all events provisionally, as a general law, that all the great religions of the world, the commencement of which has not been immemorial—coeval, that is, with the human mind itself—have been in the first instance moral rather than theological; they have been called

into existence to meet social and national needs; they have raised man gradually toward God, rather than brought down God at once to man. . . .

"I am aware that distinguished German philosophers, Max Müller among them, have laid it down that men cannot form themselves into a people till they have come to an agreement about their religion, and that community of faith is a bond of union more fundamental than any other bond at all. But I do not think that, if the distinction which I have drawn between the primeval and the historical religions of the world be kept in sight, there is much necessary antagonism between their view and mine; that a new religion is, in order of time, the outcome and not the cause of a general movement toward a higher life, whether moral or national. Religion is, no doubt, practically all that they say it is—a tie so strong that it can give an ideal unity, as it did in Greece, to tribes differing from one another in degrees of civilization, in interests, and in dialect; but it does not follow that it was historically ever the original moving power in the aggregation of scattered tribes, or that a new religion was at first a revelation of God rather than a revelation of morality. There must have been a previous community of race and language for the religion to work upon; there must also have been a strong though very possibly an ill-directed and a desultory upheaval of society. The fragments still existing of the primeval creed are no doubt a factor in that upheaval, and feel its force; but the new religion is the result and not the cause of the general movement. It is not till later that it pays the debt it owes to what gave it birth, by lending a higher sanction to each institution of the new society, and so does in truth become, what philosophers say it is, the most important bond in a national life. First the aspirations, then that which satisfies them! First a new conception of the relation of men to one another, then that conception sanctioned, vivified, lit up by the newly-perceived relation of all alike to God!"

The four lectures take up the topic under three heads (besides the first lecture, which is devoted to a general introduction). They consider Mohammed, Mohammedanism, and the relations between the latter and Christianity.

The most interesting portion of the book is found in the last two of these divisions. Mr. Smith, after a little introduction, sums up the Mohammedan belief as follows:

"Such, then, were the two leading principles of the new creed: the existence of one God, whose will was to be the rule of life, and the mission of Mohammed to proclaim what that will was. The one doctrine as old, if not older, than the time when the father of the faithful left his Chaldean home in obedience to the divine will; the other sanctioned, indeed, in its general assertion of the prophetic office, by the traditional belief of both Jews and Arabs; but startling enough in the time at which the revelation came, in the instrument selected, and in the way in which he proclaimed it. In this consists the real originality, such as it is, of Mohammedanism. The other articles of faith, added to the two I have already discussed—the written revelation of God's will, the responsibility of man, the existence of angels and of jinn, the future life, the resurrection, and the final judgment—are to be found, either developed or in germ, in the systems either of Jews or Zoroastrians or Christians. Even in the times of igno-

rance, the camel tethered to a dead man's grave was an indication that the grave was, even to the wild Arab, not the end of all things.

"Nor was there any thing much more original in the four practical duties of Islam—in prayer and almsgiving, in fasting and in pilgrimage. Prayer is the aspiration of the human soul toward God, common to every religion, from the rudest fetishism to the most sublime monotheism. Almsgiving is the most easy and obvious method of evidencing that love to man which leads up to and is, in its turn, the result of love to God. Fasting is an assertion, though a superficial one, of the great truth that self-denial is a step toward God; but it is peculiarly liable to abuse as fostering the belief, so common among the ruler of the Semitic nations, and still commoner among ascetics in modern times, that God is to be feared rather than loved, and that there is something pleasing to him in pain as such—pain, that is, apart from its effect upon the will, and so upon the character. Pilgrimage is a concession to human feelings, not to say to human weakness, common again, in practice, to all the religions of the world."

But Mr. Smith feels that there are portions of his review that unavoidably put him on the defensive; and the first instance of this is where he speaks of the military propaganda of the new religion

"In the eyes of many the admission I have frankly made that the propagation of religion by the sword has been an essential part of Mohammedanism will serve to condemn it at once, and so in the abstract and from the highest point of view it ought. The sword is a rough surgical instrument in any case; but the doctrine that religion can ever be propagated by it, paradoxical as it sounds now, has seemed a truism in more ages than one; and, though the Arabs were semi-barbarians, the conquered nations were constrained to admit that in their conquests they were not barbarous. Their wars were not mere wars of devastation, like those of Alaric or Genseric in earlier times, or of Zenghis Khan or Tamerlane in later. It was the savage boast of Attila, the genius of destruction, the 'scourge of God,' that the grass never grew where his horse had once trodden. But of the Mohammedan conquests it would rather be true to say that, after the first wave of invasion had swept by, two blades of grass were found growing where one had grown before; like the thunder-storm, they fertilized while they destroyed; and from one end of the then known world to the other, with their religion they sowed seeds of literature, of commerce, and of civilization. And as these disappeared, in the lapse of years, in one part of the Muslim world, they reappeared in another. When they died out, with the dying of the Abbaside caliphate, along the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, they revived again on the Guadalquivir and Guadiana. To the splendors and civilization of Damascus succeeded Bagdad; to Bagdad, Cairo; to Cairo, Cordova."

And further, where Mr. Smith speaks of Mohammedanism and science, his readers will be irresistibly reminded of Dr. Draper's book:

"Mohammedanism has been accused of hostility to the growth of the human intellect. It may have been so in its earliest days, when Omar, as the story goes, condemned the Alexandrian Library to the flames by his famous

dilemma: 'If these books agree with the Book of God, they are useless; if they disagree, they are pernicious; and in either case they must be destroyed.' It may be so whenever there is a passing outburst of fanaticism; but it is not so in its essential nature, nor has it been so historically, not even in its wars. The religion which has declared that 'the ink of the learned is as precious as the blood of the martyrs,' and which declares that at the Day of Decision a special account will be given of the use made of the intellect, cannot fairly be accused of obscurantism. It was not so when, during the darkest period of European history, the Arabs for five hundred years held up the torch of learning to humanity. It was the Arabs who then 'called the Muses from their ancient seats'; who collected and translated the writings of the Greek masters; who understood the geometry of Apollonius, and wielded the weapons found in the logical armory of Aristotle. It was the Arabs who developed the sciences of agriculture and astronomy, and created those of algebra and chemistry; who adorned their cities with colleges and libraries, as well as with mosques and palaces; who supplied Europe with a school of philosophers from Cordova, and a school of physicians from Salerno. When we condemn the Mohammedan wars, let us at least remember what of good they brought with them."

A third point of injustice to Mohammedanism to which Mr. Smith calls attention, is the objection made to it as a sensual religion:

"Perhaps there is no remark one has heard more often about Mohammedanism than that it was so successful because it was so sensual; but there is none more destitute of truth, as if any religion could owe its permanent success to its bad morality! I do not say that its morality is perfect, or equal to the Christian morality. Mohammed did not make the manners of Arabia, and he was too wise to think that he could either unmake or remake them all at once. Solon remarked of his own legislation that his laws were not the best that he could devise, but that they were the best the Athenians could receive; and his defense has generally been accepted as a sound one. Moses took the institutions of a primitive society as he found them—the patriarchal power, internecine war, blood-feuds, the right of asylum, polygamy, and slavery—and did not abolish any one of them; he only mitigated their worst evils, and so unconsciously prepared the way in some cases for their greater permanence, in others for their eventual extinction."

We cannot follow out this very interesting and intelligent discussion of so old yet so little understood a subject. The extracts we have given will show at least the independence and catholicity of Mr. Smith's views; for the rest, we must refer the reader to the book.

We must especially call attention, too, to the service Mr. Smith has done by affixing to his work, as an appendix, Dr. Deutsch's masterly essay on Islam—by no means the least valuable contribution that has been made to the literature of comparative religion.

We are always glad to welcome the "Annual Record of Science and Industry," published by the Harpers, edited by Professor Baird, and now in the sixth year of its exist-

ence. It grows better every year; and its fullness, system, good indexes, the authoritative character of most of the scientific periodicals from which its compilations are made, all render it a capital contribution to the useful literature of annual summaries.

THE *North American Review* for April has several important articles. Mr. James Russell Lowell gives a charming paper on Spenser, which for those who are unacquainted with the poet would prove an admirable introduction, while to all others it is a delightful reminder. Mr. Lowell closes his paper with this eloquent tribute: "Whoever can endure unmixed delight; whoever can tolerate music and painting and poetry all in one; whoever wishes to be rid of thought, and to let the busy anvil of the brain be silent for a time—let him read in the 'Faerie Queene.' There is the land of pure heart's-ease, where no ache or sorrow of spirit can enter." Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., has a paper upon "The Granger Movement," which seems to us the first accurate and searching analysis this question has received. It would be an excellent thing for our country if all our political issues could be taken up in a similar clear, cautious, and thoroughly scientific manner. Mr. Adams is of opinion that the good which has resulted, and yet will result, from the Granger movement, will be found greatly to predominate over the evil. There are papers on "Comitism," "The Recent Revolution in Japan," and "Pauperism."

AN American edition of Macready's "Reminiscences and Diaries," from which we have been quoting so freely in our "Miscellany," has been issued by Macmillan & Co. The picture this work presents of an actor whose study was tireless, whose tastes were elevated, whose self-analysis was searching, whose domestic affections were intense, is well calculated not only to win the esteem of every reader, but to elevate the art in the estimation of many people. Macready had serious faults, but they were mainly of temper. His irritability betrayed him sometimes into acts of violence and injustice, but his self-reproaches upon these outbreaks show that the man at heart was animated by high and honorable impulses.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the rounds of the journals asserting that Constance Fenimore Woolson, author of "Castle Nowhere" and other stories, is a granddaughter of Fenimore Cooper. This is a mistake. Miss Woolson is the grand-niece of the great novelist. . . . The *Athenæum*, in a notice of Mr. Myers's "Remains of Lost Empires," which is quoted favorably, comments as follows upon certain of the writer's verbal peculiarities: "A few strange words (may we call them Americanisms?) we have lighted on, which may as well be removed in a second edition. Thus, the English language is not improved by making the student of antiquities an 'antiquarian,' instead of an 'antiquary.' We do not yet use 'storming' when we mean to describe the existence of a storm, nor are 'burst'd,' 'masculinity,' 'femininity,' and 'resurrected,' words that tend to make the English tongue more emphatic. Again, we do not quite un-

derstand the meaning of the 'evolution of human latencies,' or what are 'levans paneled with alabaster.'" . . . The *Saturday Review* always likes to give a fresh comparison in its book-notices. Recently it opened a review of a new novel, "The Lion in the Path," by the author of "Abel Drake's Wife," as follows: "When the Frenchman made the plum-pudding he had all the ingredients right; fruit and flour, sugar and sweets, in due proportion—in fact, every thing that was required for the manufacture of a first-rate Christmas pudding. But the result was unsatisfactory. Instead of the firm, rich, well-sustained compound known to us as the fitting follower of the succulent sirloin, he turned out a nondescript soup, like nothing else in the repertory of the kitchen, which those who tasted once took care not to taste again, and which gained more oburgations than encomiums from the subjects of the experiment. The Frenchman's plum-soup may stand as the type of more failures than in puddings; and especially may we take it as the type of the novel lying before us. Counted up as raw material, 'The Lion in the Path' contains every ingredient necessary for making a stirring novel of the good old kind." . . . The English press have not, as a rule, spoken very kindly of the Lotos-Club volume of last Christmas, "Lotos Leaves," but the *Examiner* thinks it an "amusing, elegant, and varied volume." . . . Sharp are the censures that come from England on the American proneness to a free-and-easy coining of words; but can any of us do better than the *London Times* when it tells us that "the Tiber is to be canalized as far as Rome!" . . . G. P. Putnam's Sons have undertaken the publication of the books and sermons of the Rev. O. B. Frothingham. They will issue at once a new and revised edition (the third) of "The Religion of Humanity," and will publish next autumn, in new and attractive shape, "Stories from the Lips of the Teacher," and "Stories of the Patriarchs." The series of the sermons will hereafter be published semi-monthly. . . . The Berlin correspondent of the *Tribune* writes that the cost of books has increased greatly in Germany recently, and, their style and form of publication considered, are much dearer than in America. . . . The same correspondent says of Leopold von Ranke that he "may not be the greatest of German historians, but he is one of the greatest; and he has perhaps preserved as fair a degree of independence as could be expected. His style is good, though less graphic than that of Raumer and Treitschke; but in comprehensive principles and mastery of details it is remarkable. Just now he is writing little, but is superintending the publication of a new edition of his works. A friend of mine lately called upon him, and observed: 'Well, professor, I suppose you work as hard as ever in your old age!' 'Yes,' replied the veteran, tenderly—'yes, my wife is dead now, you see, and I have less annoyance, and can accomplish more.'"

The Arts.

THE spring exhibition of the National Academy is the subject of the usual comment by individuals and by the press, and provokes various criticism. The number of pictures is larger than ever before, above five hundred being catalogued, but they are mostly of small size, the really large ones being very few. Of the general character of the exhibition it is safe to say that, while there

are not many bad pictures, there are multitudes that show faithful study. Gathered together in this way paintings never look their best, so that we are sure that many of the smaller ones that are lost to observation in a cursory visit become delightful in close study, and would appear so at once if seen apart from others. Large paintings assert themselves better, and can bear companionship, but the little ones do not get their deserts when they are huddled together. On this ground we feel sure the critics are mistaken who pronounce this a poor exhibition. It is not a showy one, we grant, but that is mainly from the small size of the canvases, not from the quality of the work. Many names of eminent artists are absent from the catalogue, but we defy any one who cares for paintings to come away after a two hours' visit and not remember great numbers of good pictures. The level excellence of the entire exhibition prevents a few brilliant paintings from showing as conspicuously as they would if they had for companions a low and slovenly class of works.

Last year an effort was made by the artists and the press to give the exhibition a new impetus, and many of the first of our painters conscientiously placed their most important works on the Academy walls, instead of showing them either in their own studios or at the clubs. A greater number of visitors went to the exhibition, and more paintings were sold than formerly.

Further than this, it was stated last year that a "new departure" had been taken by the artists, and new blood infused into the old life of the painters. It is easy to order all the best paintings that have been made in the year to be sent to the Academy; but a new dispensation of artistic intellect is not so easily called into existence. Last year the exhibition was undoubtedly remarkably good on account of the best artists sending their best pictures. But those who always think and work as well as they know how, are not likely to be particularly changed by a public clamor that they shall think and paint differently from their usual habit. People who expect this know little how severely and earnestly sincere artists always work, and, in fact, they know little of the complicated life and thought that are put into every good picture; or, indeed, into even ordinary ones. All that the public can fairly demand from mature artists is, therefore, that they should have sufficient patriotism to place their best paintings in the great national exhibition, so that the country may get fair credit from the work which its cultured artists are capable of producing.

Some critics of the press have spoken lightly of the pictures at the Academy by the older artists, whose works in former years were among the first to show that a distinct artistic class existed in this country. Mr. Huntington, Mr. Gray, and others, we think, are entitled to gratitude for having put into the exhibition their best and most representative pictures. The hanging committee evidently thought, as we do, when they placed one of Mr. Huntington's most characteristic and beautifully-painted portraits next the place of honor, in full light and in a most

prominent position, beside the large landscape of the president of the Academy in the south room. The portrait is of an elderly lady, gentle and refined, and upon it Mr. Huntington has expended his best resources in composition of light and shade—in the painting of the dark dress, and in rendering the elegant accessories of the white lace that profusely decorates the dress—and on the ornaments. A man who helped largely to give American art a respectable position in the world, fills his own place well, and, in honoring the Academy in this exhibition, we think he equally honors himself, as a gentleman who recognizes his duty. Mr. Gray is another of the artists of an older set, whose pictures gave New-York art a name when yet we had very few painters. He works as faithfully now as he ever did to render into his art what he sees in Nature, and what he has found of it in the old masters whom he had diligently studied. We noticed in the *Journal* last summer "The Birth of our Flag," and to this Mr. Gray has added in the exhibition several other of his mellowest-hued pictures, "Flowers of Fiesole" and a "Model from Cadore." Different styles of thought have their own standard of what subjects are admissible and what should be the limitations of art. But, as the mythological rendering of Venice crowned and sitting on clouds in the ducal palace does not affect the value nor the charm of Paul Veronese's glowing faces and gleaming hair, so it seemed to us that the subjects of pictures should be left somewhat to the artists, and that, provided they do not trench on the disgusting nor morbid sides of life, all other subjects are legitimate as expressive of different phases of thought. The "Birth of our Flag" is a large painting of a softly-tinted woman, partially wrapped in the folds of a flag, whose rich tones contrast well with the mellow hues of her flesh. Above her hovers an eagle, and far down into the valley we look from the mountain-height on which the maid is standing. The aim of the artist is noble and dignified; and while, of course, the picture is not literal or realistic, we think it is justly entitled to its honorable position on the Academy walls. The painting was suggested by Drake's well-known poem, "The American Flag," beginning—

"When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there."

We are sorry to see nothing from the pencil of S. R. Gifford. We can but feel that, in abstaining from contributing to the exhibition this year, he has not only done injustice to himself, but also to the multitudes who derive a high and pure pleasure from the contemplation of his delightful landscapes.

Of Page's portraits, which have no relation to any time nor to any school, but only to the deepest truth that he can find in Nature, there is but one in the exhibition. Mr. Page has been occupied during the past winter with his "Shakespeare," which has taken most of his time; so that, instead of two or three pictures, as usual, we have but the head of a young girl from his easel—a nut-brown maid, with a nut-brown dress. The artist has done his usual best in expressing the vitality

of her large, intelligent eyes, her firmly-rounded lips and chin, and the fine flesh of her forehead and cheeks. Page's pictures always strike us with surprise when we meet them unexpectedly—when, in some quiet painting, without startling accessories or effects of any kind, we catch gleams of the eyes of some man or woman looking at us—and we feel as if some real person had come upon us unawares. Page's pictures almost always have that happy, æsthetic *milieu*, the instant before action, which the old Greeks preferred for their moment of expression—ideal vital forms which are capable of stepping in an instant into special action.

Besides the pictures that we have mentioned, there are several by artists whose works indicate a strong influence from foreign education. One of the most clever of these, by W. M. Chase, is called "The Dowager," and was painted in the famous Piloty School at Munich. This picture, which reminds us strongly of Holbein, is softer and more life-like than his. An old woman, imperious, high-bred, and with the experience of a lifetime behind her thin-skinned, moth-flecked forehead, looks aside from the spectator out of weak and rheumy eyes. Thick, old blood appears to move languidly through the corrugated veins in her delicate temples and her old, cared-for hands. Old flesh, not young flesh, shows over the framework of these hands, which are not wrinkled in the usual conventional way, but shiny, flabby, and with loose skin. We often think that the hands, more than the face, tell their tale, in a way that cannot admit of disguise, of either age or ill-health. The delicate, thin hand of a girl is very different from the thin hand of age; and the feebleness of age has other signs than wrinkles. The artist of "The Dowager" has marked these differences; and, while the fingers of the lady are plump and soft, they are unmistakably those of one the prime of whose life is long past.

Another of these significant pictures which fix at once the eye and the imagination is of a young woman, called "Reverie," by Wyatt Eaton. The artist, who, we hear, is not more than twenty-five years old, paints in Paris. His picture represents a woman, beautiful and full of sensibility. Her dark eyes, elastic nostrils, and mobile mouth, are thrilling with life, as are also her delicate skin and her wiry hair, which look as if electric from her impassioned temperament. The picture represents a person who is most alive to the artist's imagination; about the highest condition, we think, under which a painter can work. Resembling in the delicate grays of its half-shadows the pictures of Vandyck and of the Spanish school, the chin is turned slightly away, the cords of her neck are somewhat twisted, for she half looks at herself in a mirror, and the soft modeling of her throat and chest is lovely above the folds of her lace and her black-velvet robe. Her hands, too, with the pink joints and nails of a healthy organization, are full of delicate beauty and expression—hands such as are seldom painted in America, and which excite the deepest enthusiasm in the great pictures abroad.

As a pendant to this "Reverie" is a most clever and elaborate painting, also done at Munich, by David Veal. This painter has long been known by a different kind of work—buildings, etc. The picture is of a young woman, stately, dignified, and coldly self-restrained. The "Reverie" might be of a Sappho, but this woman is self-controlled enough to be a queen. With light hair, level eyes, and close-drawn, gray-red lips, purposes and combinations of thought without end lie beneath her lady-like exterior. So far as the *technique* goes, the artist has done his utmost. No edge of her clear-cut features is ragged or unformed; and from the waves of her hair to the corners of her delicate mouth, every part is skillfully and successfully finished. The picture has not a tithe of the sensibility or the life of "The Reverie," but it is a very marked and interesting face.

George B. Butter contributes a picture of a lady. It is very different from any thing of his we ever saw before. Apparently accepting his cue from Rubens, this stout dame has every tint of red and yellow and blue brought to color her complexion; while the attempt to render temperament and constitutional peculiarities, which we hitherto considered Mr. Butter's greatest charm, is entirely lost sight of.

There are other portraits and fancy heads, but those we have described struck us as the most strictly representative of the works of this style in the exhibition.

Mr. THOMAS MORAN, whose painting of "Green River," in Utah, at the Academy, is in many important respects the finest landscape in that exhibition, exhibits at Schaus's his recently-painted view of "The Mountain of the Holy Cross," in Colorado. The scene of the painting is a most picturesque one, with the high, snowy mountain at the head of a deep ravine, through whose rocky bottom the stream from the mountain wildly plunges. Far up the mountain-side, and above all vegetation, two snow-filled crevices unite in forming a gigantic cross, which is visible at a great distance. The scene is one of the most excessive loneliness and remoteness; not the slightest trace of man appears in the wild glen, whose vegetation is torn and gnarled by winter storms. The mountain is about one hundred and fifty miles west of Denver, and is in the very heart of the Rocky Mountain range. The name was given to it by the old Spanish missionaries, who penetrated to this region two or three centuries ago, and were naturally greatly impressed by this marvelous apparition of the chief symbol of their religion. The accessories of the landscape are very fine, and the tangled undergrowth and twisted pine-trees are a fit setting for the silent peak at the top of the ravine. The studies from which the picture was painted were made last summer, when Mr. Moran, with a few friends, penetrated the wilderness.

In Sypher's furniture-store, hidden away among other curious antiquities, we lately saw an old Dutch cabinet, recently imported from Amsterdam. It consists of a carved

framework of dark wood, about eight feet long and as many in height. It is covered with carvings of fruit and flowers, of cherubs and scrolls, very well executed and in good preservation, though somewhat worm-eaten. But the great peculiarity of this curious piece of furniture is, that it has sixty or more old Chinese and Japanese saucers inlaid into it. These specimens of porcelain are more ancient than the cabinet itself, the age of which is estimated at two hundred and fifty years. The main key-hole is concealed by an angel's wing, which has to be pushed aside to admit a large and very ancient key. This cabinet, in short, is one of the rarest and most interesting pieces of furniture ever brought to this country.

Among the notable pictures recently exhibited in Boston were two which attracted more than usual attention, particularly for the exquisite detail and finish of their execution. One was a small piece, "The Antiquities," by Bakkerkorf, and the other, "The Morning Call of a Gallant Courtier of Alvarez." They were refreshing in these days of too rapid painting, elaborated as they both are in every minute detail, so as to bear the magnifying-glass without betraying any defect of execution, and as remarkable for the skillful handling of the colors as for gracefulness and care of the drawing.—The pictures of Mr. J. J. Ennekin, a Boston artist, who has been establishing an enviable reputation during the past two years, were sold last week at good prices. They are for the most part European landscape sketches of a pleasing order, the artist's best style being in a low tone, with the gentler contrasts of color.—Several landscapes by Daubigny, full of striking effects, have also recently been sold in Boston.—The Spring Exhibition of the Boston Art Club, of which we shall give a brief account in a future number of the JOURNAL, was opened by a reception on the evening of April 14th. . . . It is announced that an exhibition of works of art will be opened at Dresden in the early part of the summer, designed to illustrate the progress of art from the middle ages to the middle of the eighteenth century. The exhibition will include enamels, cut gems, paintings on glass, ivory, metal casts, *terra-cotta*, etc., the proposed object being the improvement of industrial art in Saxony. . . . In a notice of the exhibition in London of the Society of Lady Artists, the *Saturday Review* says that it is a singular fact that lady artists never care to be at their best except when they come into immediate competition with the opposite sex. . . . Of the octogenarian John Linnell, sixteen of whose landscapes have recently been on exhibition in London, the *Saturday Review* says: "This venerable artist was born in 1792, and as early as 1807 he exhibited in the Royal Academy; his instructors were Benjamin West, from whom he may be supposed to have learned 'the figure,' and John Varley, who doubtless prompted him to landscape. He was first known as a portrait-painter, but by future generations he will be remembered as the Titian or the Rubens of English landscape-painting—'English' always, and emphatically. He has lived to see the rise and the fall, not of individual artists only, but of schools; 'historical' and 'heroic' landscape was an idolatry in his youth, 'pre-Raphaelitism' has been an infatuation and a fable in the years of his prime. In his landscapes we distinguish the large and comprehensive manner of the older

masters of landscape. He has never cared to define outlines sharply, to carve hills sculpturally, to count leaves on a tree, or to number the blades of grass in the foreground; and yet in a vague, indicative way, somewhat after the manner of David Cox, he suggests the infinity of Nature. Nevertheless, his execution in these and other examples verges on mannerism; it is monotonous; one unvaried touch serves for trees, rocks, and foreground alike."

Music and the Drama.

FLOTOW'S new opera of "L'Ombra" met with very considerable success abroad. Only recently, we are informed by the Vienna papers, it was given for a series of nights under the direct patronage of Austrian royalty, and was very warmly received. We can record no such enthusiasm in its reception by American audiences, but the new work, under Mr. Max Maretzek's presentation, has met with a very fair success. The distinctive feature of the performance which gave character to it was the appearance of two aspirants for operatic fame in the persons of Miss Matilda Hoffmann and Miss Adelaide Randall, pupils of Mr. Maretzek, who made their appearance in the female rôles, the other parts having been done by Signors Benfratelli and Tagliapietra, recently of the wrecked Strakosch company.

The opera of "L'Ombra" dispenses with the use of chorus, and confines itself to the acts of the four characters in the story. It is full of suggestions of "Martha," by the same composer, and is distinguished by the same bright, merry music in the melody, and similar orchestral peculiarities. It is not that Flotow has repeated himself, but that the mark of his individuality is so strong. If occasionally an air is heard which recalls the charming music of one of the most popular of operas, there is, on the other hand, very much which is absolutely fresh and new in the composition. This is especially the case in the second and third acts, in which beautiful arias constantly succeed each other. The concerted pieces are also very pretty, and the orchestral music, though *ad captandum* in some of its effects, is full of undeniable beauty and brightness.

The music is pretty equally divided between the four parts, and none can complain of slight on the part of the composer. It is not an opera which will ever take a high place in the lyric *répertoire*, as it is entirely lacking in choral effects. But it has so much of really good music that it will always be more or less in demand when it is once well known. The performance was reasonably good, Signor Tagliapietra being particularly artist-like in his conception and singing of the barytone-rôle.

The week ending April 10th had in its operatic phase something of special interest in the *début* of three ladies, two in Italian opera—Misses Randall and Hoffmann in "L'Ombra" at the Academy of Music in this city—and one in English opera—Mrs. Kate Reed, or Mademoiselle Radenti, as *Maritana* in the opera of that name by Wallace, with the Kellogg troupe in Brooklyn. The

paucity of American singers who have accomplished any thing in music, except after very arduous training and the discipline of repeated failures, makes one distrust the efforts of aspirants, however great the desire may be to encourage native talent in this direction. There can be no question that there is ample material in America, but so many of the conditions are unfavorable for study and preparation at home that Miss Kellogg is the only one to be mentioned who owes her reputation to efforts based on a purely native growth and culture. It is true that it makes but little difference where the artist, whether singer, painter, or sculptor, receives the finishing-strokes of professional training. Yet there is something peculiarly gratifying in a success which may be accomplished without recourse to foreign schools and teachers.

Miss Randall and Miss Hoffmann, who made their *début* in the soprano and contralto rôles of the opera of "L'Ombra" respectively, have been pupils of Mr. Maretzek, and one might shrewdly suspect that the production of the opera was principally designed to display the veteran *impresario's* handiwork as a shaper of rough material. Be that as it may, he is worthy of very considerable credit for the results accomplished. Both these ladies gave some promise of talent, and certainly showed careful teaching. Miss Randall has a thin but clear and pleasant voice of not a little flexibility, and both in her singing and acting there was shown a fair share of native aptness, and comparatively little of the *gouacherie* which we are accustomed to associate with beginnings in art. Miss Hoffmann, the mezzo-soprano, has less merit in the matter of vocal culture, though the voice is naturally finer, and may be made to reach far higher results with assiduous work.

It is in the direction of English opera, however, that the lover of music should look forward to the best results for native artists. There has been a steady and growing love for English opera during several years, and the failure of the Italian troupes has disposed the public to look more and more in this direction. So that we may safely assume this field of artistic effort to have become now so well established as to be specially attractive to young aspirants for lyric fame.

Mademoiselle Radenti, who made her first appearance in English opera in the rôle of *Maritana*, under the auspices of the Kellogg management, sang abroad in the Italian theatres before returning to America, with a very fair measure of success. That she has had the courage to give up Italian opera for the native school is honorable, for English opera needs the acquisition of fresh, bright talent, if it is to be made a permanent institution. Mademoiselle Radenti, or Mrs. Reed, as it is more proper to designate her in association with the English form of the art, has a rich, well-trained voice of considerable compass, and a good deal of florid execution, which, with due experience on the stage, can hardly fail to make itself felt. She also indicated marked power as an actress, and, with the personal graces so necessary to the lyric or dramatic stage, her qualifications would seem

to promise a future in art. In the case of all the *débutantes*, however, of whom we have spoken, there is at present rather capacity than actual accomplishment. The need of hard work is quite evident. The mistake on the part of either of these three ladies, that she is already entitled to a foremost place in her art, would be fatal to her real advance.

THE novelty of the last Thomas symphony concert was a piano-forte *concerto*, performed in superb style by Madame Madeline Schiller. This new work of Rubinstein is stamped with the same bold and brilliant style which made his symphony, recently performed by the Thomas band, a delightful surprise to musical connoisseurs. It is full of unaccustomed rhythms and strange, wild measures, that smack so strongly of the soil and surroundings which flavor the composer's nationality. The strength and beauty of the music as a work of art suffered nothing from the novel effects, which at first almost strike the hearer as half Oriental and barbaric. Rubinstein has so woven these quaint arabesques of sound into the structure of the *concerto* as to make them integral and symmetrical parts of the texture of the work. As an elaborate concert-work for the piano, this new composition of the Russian composer ranks among the greatest, and, though its difficulties are excessive, it is far more than a mere piece of virtuosity, as so many of the works of Liszt appear to be. This *concerto* may be fairly ranked, in genuine beauty and power, with the best efforts of Beethoven and Schumann. Madame Schiller's execution of the work was such as to stamp her as a pianist of exceptional grasp and finish, being by far the most interesting exhibition of her skill she has yet given in New York.

With the concert of which we speak, Mr. Thomas's series of symphony entertainments came to an end in New York, a series in some respects more remarkable than any of its predecessors. Special attention was given to all the new works of interest which have recently appeared, and many fine specimens of the old masters were offered for the first time to the American public. As a fitting culmination to his season of concerts through the country, Mr. Thomas will conduct the Cincinnati festival next month. Of this remarkable musical affair, which promises to surpass even his predecessor in the same city three years ago, the JOURNAL will speak more fully in its next issue.

THE rising star of opera abroad, if we may trust the Russian and Parisian accounts, is Mademoiselle Anna de Belloca, the daughter of a Russian of some literary and scholarly fame. Her education in music was finished by M. Maurice Strakosch, who has had the honor of introducing several great singers to the world, notably Adelina Patti. Mademoiselle de Belloca was successful in conquering at the first leap a high position on the stage. She is now compared, after two years, to Madame Alboni, whom she is said to equal in voice and beauty of method, while she far surpasses her in personal beauty and the other requirements for success on the lyric boards. She made her *début* in the rôle of

Rosina, in Rossini's "Barber of Seville," and for the first time in many years sang the music as it was written, in all its native meaning and sincerity of purpose. The marvelous contralto voice, the breadth, truth, and genuineness of the style, which possessed a certain severe and classic firmness, carried the Parisians by storm, and, for the nonce, all the soprano-artists, who usually engross the larger share of public admiration, were obliged to yield their claims. Mademoiselle de Belloca became the idol of the Parisians, and her fame soon spread throughout Europe.

This young lady seems to be recognized by the leading musical connoisseurs of Europe as the most prominent and promising of the rising singers. The enthusiasm manifested in the criticisms of the Parisian critics would seem fulsome and exaggerated to American ears. But it indicates, assuredly, a remarkable combination of gifts which has not been known since Alboni or Pasta; for Mademoiselle de Belloca, with the purest contralto quality, is said to have the range of the mezzo-soprano.

AN English statistician reckons the cost of the new Paris Opera-House at the sum of four million pounds sterling in round numbers, including all the different elements of expense. He adds that the new opera-house at Moscow and the one recently built in London, costing more than one-tenth less, are both far better suited for their purpose. The Paris manager, it need not be said, has his rent free, and in addition receives eight hundred thousand francs per year from the government. . . . It is announced that the frequent changes of scene in Wagner's Balthus Theatre will be effected entirely by machinery, each scene being raised or lowered in its entirety. This is spoken of as a happy innovation. The idea has long been practically exemplified in several of the American theatres. . . . Mr. Benjamin Lumley, the English *impressario*, whose early successful career was remarkable, will be chiefly remembered in connection with the brilliant but evanescent apparition of Sophia Cruvelli and the *début* of Jenny Lind. . . . The performances of Salvini, under Mr. Mapleson's management, in London, alternate with Italian opera, in which Nilsson, Tietjens, and Campanini, are the leading stars. . . . M. Pasdeloup, the French conductor, has recently taken to reviving the old and forgotten French composers. An overture to an opera called "Sigurd," by M. Reyer, and a fragment from the "Mary Magdalen" of M. Musenet, were recently given with great success, and the leader announces his purpose of dusting the moth-eaten scores of many other of the forgotten great in French music. . . . There seems to be a difference in English judgment about the merits of Sankey, the musical evangelist, as an artist. The *Spectator* writes of his art as being "full of sweetness and genuine tenderness, and distinguished by a delicacy and tenderness of expression hardly too much to be admired." The *Saturday Review*, on the other hand, speaks of his singing as being tricky and *ad captandum*. Quoth the reviewer: "His favorite note is one in the back of his throat, with which he pours forth a prolonged and hollow O! O! O! something between a howl and a wail, which makes one think of a melodious costermonger crying his cabbages." . . . It is dawning on the minds of English *impressarii* that singers at the cost of one thousand and two thousand dollars per

night are too costly luxuries to be carried about the country during a period of reflection and common-sense. American managers have had a similar experience. . . . It is rumored that M. Maurice and Max Strakosch survive their disasters in operatic management, from the fact that they have had for many years, and will for some time to come, a large royalty on the enormous receipts of Adelina Patti. . . . Mapleson, for his spring season, announces twenty-four different operas. One classical night for each week will be given, Cherubini's "Medea" being among the promised revivals. . . . Johann Strauss has made a hit as a composer of *opéra-bouffe*. His "Cagliostro" has been enthusiastically received in Vienna, and is described as being full of waltz, polka, and mazurka airs. . . . The *Academy* deplores, as one of the fatal elements in the prevalent taste in opera, that people go not to hear good music, but only their favorite singers. . . . Dr. Halliday's new drama of "Nicholas Nickleby" makes the forlorn and pathetic figure of *Smike* the centre round which the interest of the play revolves. The *Squeers* family are also selected for honorable places in the story. . . . The management of the Lyceum Theatre in London, made remarkable by the great success of Mr. Irving in "Hamlet," will not be changed by the death of the veteran Bateman. The family of the deceased will continue in charge. . . . A dramatization of Cherbuliez's remarkable novel of "Count Kostia" will soon be brought out at Paris. It is a little singular that this powerful and dramatic work has not before attracted the attention of playwrights.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

March 31, 1875.

LAST week I chronicled the death of Madame Anelet, and now I am called upon to record the demise of the well-known novelist Amédée Achard, who died of pneumonia, a few days ago, at the age of sixty-eight. His melady was caused by the effects of a duel fought with the critic Fiorentino twenty-five years ago. The sword of his adversary having traversed his lungs, he was only saved by dint of incessant care and watchfulness and by medical treatment of a new and audacious type. From that time he became subject to attacks of inflammation of the lungs, and it is one of these that has at last proved fatal. This duel attracted toward him at the time an immense deal of sympathy, which was the more lively because it was not from personal motives that he fought. The Société des Gens de Lettres, of which Achard was a member, had testified its disapproval of the style and manner of the famous Neapolitan critic, and he in a rage decided to fight the whole society. M. Achard, by reason of his initial, happened to come first on the list, and he bravely accepted the responsibility, with what results we have already seen. The novels of M. Achard were less noted for brilliancy, dash, or sensationalism, than for purity of style and of morals, and elevation of tone. Some of his works approach in those respects the best efforts of the minor English novelists of our own day. "Le Journal d'une Héritière," for example, is as healthful and simple a story as the fictions of Mrs. Mulock-Craig or Mrs. Macquoid; charmingly written also, and full of interest. "La Robe de Nessus," one of his earlier works, is also an interesting and pleasing novel. "Madame de Villeret,"

which is among his latest publications, is a story of a French marriage considered almost from an English or American point of view. "La Vipère" is a curious psychological study. Sometimes M. Achard, tempted by the success of the novels of the elder Dumas, took excursions into the realm of historical fiction, but there he was less successful. The purity of his writings gave them an immense popularity in the provinces, and with the editors of libraries for young ladies, and other similar collections. Two years ago it was computed that his name as a contributor had appeared in one thousand and forty-two newspapers and periodicals. His latest work, which has just been issued from the press of the Messrs. Levy, was an historical novel entitled "Cloak and Sword," a sequel to which was promised, but it is probable that the concluding portion was not completed at the time of his death. M. Achard was a Protestant, and his funeral took place at the Evangelical Chapel on the Rue de Provence. In his death French literature loses one of the last of the race of real story-tellers—those who are novel-writers for the novel's sake, and not dreary dissectors of social corruption.

Amédée Achard was a great sportsman, but during the last years of his life he had lost much of the sureness of aim and firmness of hand which had formerly distinguished him. "If this kind of thing goes on," he was wont to say with a melancholy half feigned and half real, "the rabbits will raise a monument to me out of gratitude." He has been a constant worker for forty years, writing daily from eight o'clock to eleven. These three hours of daily labor sufficed to produce the long list of works which bear his name. Occasionally he wrote for the theatre, but he was less successful as a dramatist than as a novelist. He leaves unpublished behind him two completed novels, besides a number of articles, short stories, etc. For years he has been a contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

I have recently learned some curious details respecting the manner in which dramatic works which are offered for competition at the leading theatres are received and examined. At the Comédie Française all manuscripts are immediately and carefully read, and those judged worthy of trial are then submitted to a committee of the *sociétaires* which pronounces the final verdict. At the Odéon a similar process takes place, but the delays at that theatre are very great, a piece sometimes remaining unread for six or eight months. At the Vaudeville considerable confusion prevails at present in the literary department, owing to the change of managers. The old management read nothing, and the new ones have started to read every thing, but have broken down in the attempt. At the Gymnase a system of perfect order and regularity prevails. Attached to the theatre is a professional reader, who goes carefully and conscientiously through every piece, without exception, which is sent in. At the end of a month or six weeks, the author, if unsuccessful, receives back his play, accompanied by a careful analysis of the whole work, wherein are stated in full the reasons why it has not been received, and the defects which render it unavailable for representation. Should the reader think favorably of a play, it is then transferred to the manager, M. Montigny, who reads it himself, and then gives the final verdict. After a piece is accepted at any theatre, it is read by the author to those members of the dramatic company who are to appear therein. The performers, therefore, on the *début* of a new dramatist, are always very anxious to

know if he can read well. The different celebrities among the dramatic authors are said to differ widely in this important qualification. Barrière reads with a degree of excitement which injures the effect of his piece. Dumas reads in a calm and serene manner like an author who wishes to be understood by his future interpreters, but also like a writer who hearkens to his own phrases. Augier reads in the cold, even style of an Academician, disdaining to lend to his personages any of the variety of tone or manner which their different characteristics demand. Edouard Cadol is one of the best dramatic readers known to the profession, and he is, therefore, often implored by his *confrères* to read their works in their stead. Thus George Richard, when he was called upon to read his play of "Les Enfants" before the committee of the Comédie Française, begged Cadol to replace him, which he did in most obliging fashion. But the best reader of all the French dramatists of the present day is undoubtedly Victorien Sardou. He acts his piece rather than reads it. He laughs, he weeps, becomes indignant, then tender, then vehement, and all exactly like a consummate and practised comedian. He is often completely carried away by his simulated emotion, and it is upon record here that, while reading his comedy of "Seraphine" at the Gymnase, he actually fainted away in good earnest in the middle of the fourth act. His reading of "La Haine" at the Gaité last autumn produced an immense sensation. Some of the performers wept, Lafontaine fell on his neck and embraced him, and Offenbach did as much at the conclusion of the piece.

And, *à propos* of Sardou, "L'Oncle Sam," his cheerful libel upon American society and manners, and especially upon American women, has taken its place amid the contemporary dramatic literature of France, having been just published by the Messrs. Levy in their uniform edition of Sardou's dramatic works. It is a rather interesting occupation to glance through its pages, and to note how falsehood, malice, and all uncharitableness, loaded the author's pen and seasoned his style. Many of the more atrocious passages respecting the young girls of America were perforce omitted when the play was prepared for presentation at the Grand Opera-House in New York under the management of Mr. Daly. Here is a tirade which the author puts into the mouth of *Madame Bellamy*, who, being a Parisienne, is the only respectable female character in the whole play: "I recommend her to you, this New-World *ingénue*, flirting, as she calls it, with her beaux. To this one she yields her waist; to that one her shoulder—and even something more; seated on the knees of one, rocked in the arms of another, pushing her blond tresses against the whiskers of a third; and, when she has thoroughly rubbed the down from off the peach by contact with all these beards, throwing herself decidedly into the arms of a man who will tell you in expressing the little that remains, 'Well, she is still a girl.' Yes, my good fellow—yes, the peach is still a peach, but it is cooked!"

Here is another of the omitted passages. The scene takes place in the midst of an American evening party:

"*Lucretia* (with a little note-book in her hand, to *Robert*, the French hero of the play). One kiss or two?"

"*Robert* (looking at her in surprise). I should prefer two.

"*Lucretia* (writing in her note-book, and then offering him her bare shoulder). Take them.

"*Robert* (surprised). I—I—

"*Sarah*. He does not understand my friend *Lucretia* is getting up a charitable subscription, and every kiss given to her costs a dollar.

"*Robert* (with animation). Good—good!

"(He gives two gold-pieces to *Lucretia*, and kisses her shoulder twice.)"

The slander would be atrocious if it were not so absurd. Yet the worst of the thing is that, in Parisian circles, "L'Oncle Sam" is looked upon as an admirable and accurate picture of American society. However, Sardou must at least concede that his heroine is pure, though, after the fashion of *Ouida*, her morality is represented as being solely based upon calculation and selfishness. His own view of the question was stated in full in the letter which he wrote last autumn to the French papers respecting "La Haine," and in which he says: "Apart from 'La Famille Bénédict' and my 'Américaines,' there are none of my heroines that a gentleman would not be willing to marry." When the "Américaines" are gifted with gold or with golden expectations, there are multitudes of Frenchmen, titled or celebrated, who are not only willing but anxious to espouse them, M. Sardou to the contrary notwithstanding. However, there is no use in wasting any further attention on this tissue of falsehood and absurdity, which has not even the merit of *verisimilitude*.

Dumas's new novel of "Thérèse" is at last announced as being out, which only means that it will be published in the course of the next few days, as the booksellers here have an exasperating fashion of announcing a book as being published some days before it really is ready for sale. Arsène Houssaye is about to bring out a new novel, with the startling title of "Les Mille et Une Nuits Parisiennes" ("The Thousand and One Nights of Paris"). If only his books were as clever as their titles, they would be eminently amusing reading, but, unfortunately, they are usually as stupid as they are immoral. Houssaye often laments his inability to devote himself to a higher style of literature, but declares that, while he wrote for art, his books remained unsold, while now he is immensely popular with all publishers, and his works are a great success. I am inclined to doubt very much, however, the sincerity of his regrets. Another forthcoming work, with a taking title, though widely differing in style, is "The Ancestors of Adam—a History of Fossil Man," by Victor Meunier. The first volume of the memoirs of Odilon Barrot will be issued from the Bibliothèque Charpentier during the coming month. The work is to be completed in four volumes, which are successively to appear at short intervals. The same house also announce for speedy production the fifth volume of Lanfrey's much-talked-of "History of Napoleon I.," a new novel by André Theuriot, entitled "Le Ménage de Gerard," and a novel by Zola, called "The Rougon-Macquarts; the Social and Natural History of a Family under the Second Empire." Xavier de Montepin has brought to a conclusion his "Tragédies de Paris," which huge novel has been running as a *feuilleton* through the "ground-floor" of the *Figaro* for the past six months, and which at one time appeared to be interminable. This audacious, immoral, yet fascinating writer, may be described as Dumas-and-water, only the water is dirty.

There is nothing new in the theatrical line at present, owing to the depressing influences of Holy Week, if we may except the new "Revue," recently brought out at the Vaudeville, and entitled "La Revue des Deux Mondes,"

a witty title in itself. This "Revue" is not very brilliant, but it gives scope for some amusing acting on the part of Delannoy, St.-Germain, and Mdlle. Massin, which last, as a female reporter, looks pretty as a rose in a most stunning costume of brown brocade *à la*. St.-Germain's imitations of leading actors are admirable, and the caricature of "La Fille de Roland," which is introduced into the third act, is extremely amusing. At the Grand-Opéra "Hamlet" is not yet ready for production. I hear that the clear profits nightly at that establishment, during the present *furors* for the opera, amount to from six to eight thousand francs; years of plenty which may be succeeded by years of famine. But M. Halanzier, before the seven lean kine come to devour his seven fat ones, will probably retire with a fortune. He is perfectly possessed with a mania for the opera, and is said to almost reside in the Opéra-House, arriving there at seven o'clock in the morning and only quitting it to take his meals till the lights are extinguished at night, and the house shut up. There is not a nook or corner in the vast building which escapes his inspection, and there is not so much as a spangle purchased for a costume, or a rouge-pot for the dressing-rooms, without his knowledge and sanction. He is everywhere, and all-powerful in every department, and if care, energy, and untiring devotion, can make of the Grand-Opéra in Paris a grand success, he is certainly the man to achieve it.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTERS.

March 28, 1875.

MANY of the English papers have been expressing a doubt as to whether Mr. Swinburne really received, as has been stated, fifty pounds for that little lyric of his, "Love laid his Sleepless Head," which was introduced into the *Society* version of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." I have reason to know that the statement is quite correct. Nor is there any thing very remarkable in it. Poets are paid well nowadays—that is, the three or four that have made a name. Tennyson's price for a lyric is one hundred pounds. Robert Buchanan received the same sum for the few little poems which recently appeared in *Cassell's Magazine*, and which, I may add, were composed by him in three days. Like Swinburne, Buchanan is a wonderfully facile writer of verse. He produces it quite as quickly as ordinary authors produce prose. He never seems at a loss for rhyme. Just now, by-the-way, he is in Ireland; hence those stirring Irish poems we are having by him in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert has achieved another stage success—this time in a comparatively small way, and in conjunction with Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who is, perhaps, the most dramatic of our English composers. Between them they have produced a whimsicality—a "dramatic cantata," as the authors prefer to call it—entitled "Trial by Jury." It has been put upon the stage of the little "Royalty" Theatre, and is really full of fun of the wildest kind—though, after all, there is a good deal of method underlying its boisterousness. The scene—there is only one—is Westminster Hall; the case is one of breach of promise. *Edwin* is sued by *Angelina*; and naturally, as *Angelina* is young and beautiful, the sympathies of the judge, the jury, and the motley crowd that has gathered to witness the trial, are one and all on the fair plaintiff's side. In the first place, we have an opening chorus, which, after

the Greek style, gives us a fair idea of what is to follow; then the usher appears, and escorts the jurors to their box, singing a lively ballad the while—a ballad of sympathy with the lovely *Angelina*, and in the chorus of which the said jurors heartily join. Next comes forward the defendant, dressed in wedding-garments, and striking a gayly-beribboned guitar. "Is this the Court of Exchequer?" he asks, in recitation, a question to which the jurymen not only reply "Yes," but add that they will demonstrate the fact to his cost by-and-by. Thereupon *Edwin* points out (in song) that their decision is somewhat premature, and, after many arguments, such as a lover might be expected to bring forward in his own defense, he ultimately remarks that, as every thing changes—the moon, the weather, and one's money and collars—so affections ought to be allowed to change also. For reasons best known to themselves—probably because they have Xantippes at home—the judge and jury agree with him, and in the end the stern dispenser of the law steps gingerly down from the bench, and offers to marry the plaintiff himself—an offer which *Angelina* accepts, so that all ends happily. Mr. Sullivan's music is most spirited and appropriate, and the words of Mr. Gilbert are replete with satire and side-hitting. As for the acting, Miss Nellie Bromley, as *Angelina*, and Messrs. F. Sullivan and W. Fisher, as the judge and defendant respectively, were highly amusing. "Trial by Jury" will doubtless run for many weeks.

Three other new plays have recently been produced. The other night, Mr. Hare, late of the Prince of Wales's, and a very able portrayer of old men of society, opened the Court Theatre with a four-act comedy by Mr. Coghlan, a clever young comedian of Miss Marie Wilton's company. Long before the piece was even in rehearsal, it was widely puffed by the members of the press, many of whom told us that upon Mr. Coghlan the late Mr. Robertson's mantle had fallen. According to those prescient writers, "Lady Flora"—such is the title of Mr. Coghlan's production—scintillated with wit and epigram, and was faultless in plot. It is not surprising, therefore, that the curiosity of the public was so greatly excited that the demand for tickets for the first night by far exceeded the supply. However, there has been a disappointment. In no respect is there any thing remarkable in "Lady Flora." The dialogue, though occasionally "smart," is never brilliant; the situations are few, and there is no plot to speak of—or rather, what plot there is is as old as Ben Nevis. The heroine throws off her recognized suitor, a rich nobleman, to marry a poor tutor—that is all. Miss Amy Fawcett, Mr. Hare, Miss Medge Robertson, and other lesser lights, have parts in the play. They do much to make it a success; but even good acting is not likely to give it a long run. The second novelty comes from the gay city. Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days" has been transported bodily, as it were, from across the Channel to the Princess's Theatre, in Oxford Street. Dresses, scenery, dances—all are French; the actors alone are English. Your readers, doubtless, remember all about Mr. *Milford* and his remarkable wager, and how he manages to win it, so I need not dwell upon the incidents. Mr. Brittain Wright, as the faithful and sharp-witted servant *Ready*, keeps the audiences in great good-humor, and the half-humorous, half-serious Mr. *Milford* is well portrayed by Mr. Sinclair; but, of course, after all, the scenery's the great attraction. And now, as to the third theatrical novelty, Mr. Andrew Hal-

liday's adaptation of "Nicholas Nickleby." This has been brought out at the Adelphi, with great success. The adaptor has done his work excellently, and I need hardly say that his task has been by no means an easy one. The novel has been often dramatized before, but never so well as now. Mr. Halliday has not fallen into the error of overloading his piece with characters. The less prominent personages of the story are abolished; poor Smike, Ralph Nickleby, Squeers, and his daughter and better half, Newman Noggs, Nicholas and his mother and sister, Tilda Prime, and John Brodie, remain. Upon *Squeers*'s cruel treatment of the timid *Smike* the plot mainly turns. First we have the scene in *Ralph Nickleby*'s office, in which *Nicholas* prepares to open negotiations with the Yorkshire schoolmaster; then we are introduced to *Squeers*, at the Saracen's Head, enjoying the good things of this life, while his half-starved scholars look on; the engagement and departure of *Nicholas* end the act. The second act opens in Dotheboys Hall. Into this many incidents are crowded—Mrs. *Squeers* and the brimstone-and-treacle, *Smike*'s misery, his escape, the pursuit, the by no means quiet tea-party, the recapture, the rescue by *Nicholas*, the thrashing of *Squeers*, and the start for London. Act three finds *Nicholas* and *Smike* in the great metropolis; it concludes with *Smike*'s death—of course, after his recognition by *Ralph Nickleby*. The acting is really admirable. Mr. George Belmore's *Newman Noggs* is a wonderfully realistic personation, and almost as much may be said of Mr. John Clarke's *Squeers* and Mr. Emery's *John Brodie*. Miss Lydia Foote's *Smike* is full of pathos. True, she is not the "tall, lean boy" Dickens described him; she is an idealistic *Smike*. Her acting in the death-bed scene drew tears to many an eye. Altogether, Mr. Halliday's version of "Nicholas Nickleby"—*Nicholas*, by-the-way, is played very judiciously by Mr. Terriss—will undoubtedly prove one of the principal dramatic successes of the year.

March 31st.

UNDER the quaint title of "Fruit between the Leaves," Dr. Andrew Wynter, the author of "Peeps into the Social Hive," etc., has published a number of short papers of his which have appeared in the *Graphic*, *Good Words*, and other publications. The doctor writes well on a variety of subjects, more especially on sanitary matters. These latter, however, do not preponderate. "Hallucinations and Dreams," "The Progress of Electric Telegraphy," "Dogs in Public" (not funny dogs, but canine dogs), "How and where Toys are made," "The Rise and Fall of Great Families," "Rats and their Doings," "A Word to Port-wine Drinkers," are a few of the titles of the papers. His hints to port-wine drinkers are worth a line or two. Referring to the wine of the Alto Douro, he says that it is no more the pure produce of the grape than some ketchups seized over here lately, and found to be mainly made from horses' livers, were the product of mushrooms. The best as well as the inferior qualities are alike heavily "fortified" with alcohol—sometimes to the amount of twenty-five per cent.—the result being that our palates are irritated and our stomachs burnt out. In order to show us how merrily the game of "fortifying" port is carried on, Dr. Wynter assures us that, while, in 1864, we received from the Peninsula three million three hundred and forty-four thousand eight hundred and seventy-one gallons of that wine, we sent there one million six hundred and thirty thousand three hun-

dred and four gallons of alcohol—in other words, adds he, “we buy back at high prices the produce of our distilleries in the shape of the ‘good old Tory wine.’” The same with sherry. This is brandied and “brownd” with burnt sugar; not a pint of it is pure. Our author then goes on to praise for their cheapness, purity, and aroma, the wine of St. Elie and the Hungarian wines, and he foresees the time when what are called “fortified” wines will be avoided by everybody. An article on “Eccentric Cats”—to turn to a widely different subject—gives some amusing instances of feline cunning and ingenuity. For example: the story of Mrs. Siddons's favorite cat is retold. Pussy happening to hurt its leg, the famous actress felt constrained to give it its daily milk while it was lame. After a time it got well, but it evidently imagined that lameness was an advantage that was useful to it; consequently, it held up its paw whenever it saw its mistress. Another case is cited of a cat that had been trained to take care of a tame sparrow, and which did its duty so well that when another cat attacked the bird it defended it vigorously. A third cat mentioned was as fond of the water as a Newfoundland, and was a most expert catcher of fish. Altogether, much amusement and information may be got out of Dr. Wynter's two volumes, which are published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

I see you have been quoting from the capital articles on Shelley in the *Cornhill Magazine*. They are by Mr. George Barnett Smith. Mr. Smith is one of the most rising of our literary critics, and, I may add, one of the most conscientious. You can tell that he has read every line of his author—that there has been no “paper-knife smelling” with him. An exhaustive paper on Thackeray, which he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, first brought him into note; since then he has written *critiques* in the various magazines on many of our best-known living writers. He is now looked upon as quite a minor Hazlitt. Second-rate authors run after him to get him to puff their works, and I have heard many eminent men—Browning and Buchanan, for example—highly praise his critical faculty. He is a young man, and of a retiring disposition withal. There are few harder workers. As sub-editor of that thriving little halfpenny paper of ours, *The Echo*, his labors are by no means light. Another promising young literary man you may like me to say a few words about is Mr. John H. Ingram, “Poe's defender.” Mr. Ingram, like so many of our authors—Tom Taylor, Planché, etc., etc.—is in the civil service—the engineer-in-chief's department of the General Post-Office. Since his collected edition of Poe's works appeared, his correspondence with your countrymen has been voluminous. The edition has been widely praised here, and, what is even better, has sold well. By-the-way, the English people have only just found out that Mr. Charles Gibbon, the author of “Robin Gray,” has been left a thousand pounds by a lady admirer of his works, the late wife of an Edinburgh judge, which announcement, you will remember, I made to you weeks ago. Partly on the strength of the windfall, Mr. Gibbon has taken a fine house not far from Mr. William Black's mansion at Denmark Hill, Surrey. Mr. Gibbon is everybody's favorite. While thoroughly genial, he has a calm, kindly way with him which wins all who come in contact with him. He is a man of middle height, stout, dark, and with thoughtful-looking eyes. Mr. Black is also dark, but short and slender, while his eyes are remarkably piercing. I remember the time—and it's not very long ago, either—when

both he and Gibbon were having a very hard time of it as Scottish journalists. They came up to the modern Babylon at the suggestion of Buchanan, the poet, and for some time the three of them used to write “blood-and-thunder” stories together for the “penny dreadfuls!” There's a revelation for you! But I must stop, or the creator of the charming Sheila will declare I am pandering to “American curiosity.”

WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE PYROPHONE, OR GAS-ORGAN.

SECOND PAPER.

HAVING, in the JOURNAL of last week, given a technical description of the *pyrophone*, M. Kastner's new musical instrument, attention is now directed to the organ as completed and in operation in Paris. In

binning or separating of two or more flames by means of a series of bell-levers operating on rubber-jointed tubes, the upper extremities of which terminated in gas-jets. Having discovered this method of producing or representing the sound, M. Kastner, before constructing his organ, which was to be a combination of these tubes very similar to that effected in the ordinary church-organ, directed his attention toward obtaining a substitute for pure hydrogen, the gas best adapted to the singing-tube as used by the lecturer. Without following the inventor through his various experiments directed toward this end, we find that, by securing a complete combustion of street-gas, so that there was but little deposition of carbon, he succeeded in adapting this illuminating medium to his glass organ-pipes. Having observed that the higher a flame was, the more carbon it contained, he determined to diminish the height, and



M. KASTNER'S PYROPHONE.

our former article, the reader, by the aid of suitable illustrations, was instructed as to the novel features of these singing-tubes, and the general method by which the notes could be sounded or repressed. This method, as briefly reviewed, consisted in the com-

consequently to increase the number, so that the united surface of all the photospheres might suffice to produce the vibration of the air in the tube. In describing this improvement, the inventor states that “the amount of carbon contained in the whole of the small

flames will always be much less than the quantity of carbon corresponding to the two large flames necessary to produce the same sound. . . . I can now affirm," he adds, "that the pyrophone is in a condition to act as well with the illuminating gas as with pure hydrogen."

Having thus accomplished two important results—the rapid production and repression of the sound, and the favorable substitution of illuminating gas for the more expensive hydrogen—the attention of the inventor was directed toward the construction of a musical instrument dependent upon this principle of singing-flames. This instrument, of which we present an illustration, is described as being formed of three sets of keys disposed in a similar manner to that employed for the conjunction of the organ-key table. The levers leading from these keys operated on the gas-jets as shown in the former paper, and, by causing them to unite or expand, produced or suppressed the desired note. The character of each note, its place in the scale, etc., are dependent upon the length of the tube and the size of the inclosed flames. The illustration gives the form and general structure so plainly that a continued description is not needed.

Lest the musical reader should indulge in undue congratulations regarding the advent of this new ally, we are constrained to present a few learned opinions adverse to it. These opinions, from which we quote, were given by several members of the Society of Arts after M. Dunant had finished the reading to that body of his paper on the subject. Mr. Wills, in summing up the objections, spoke as follows: "Having had some experience of sounding-flames, the difficulties appeared to him to be these: In the first place, the position of the burner in the tube was a matter of considerable importance; its size must be always the same, and its position, both vertically and laterally, must be fixed and absolute. Besides this, the gas used must be of definite quality, and perfectly under control. These points might each be secured singly, but, taking them in the aggregate, he doubted the possibility of making an instrument which should be practically useful. But, if this were accomplished, there was always the danger that, when there were several pipes in close proximity, the sounding of one would start another, this being a very common lecture experiment. Another difficulty was that there was always a tendency in sounding-flames to go out suddenly, when, of course, the sound would cease. Again, in an instrument of this kind, as it would be impossible to use 'stopped' pipes, great length would be required for the lower notes, a sixteen-foot open pipe being required to produce the same tone as an eight-foot stopped."

Another and serious objection was that advanced by Mr. Mitchell, that a certain appreciable time must always elapse before the vibration would result in the desired note. This being the case, it is evident that the performer would be some time in advance of the music. The *British Review* good-naturedly commends the pyrophone to the economical instincts of our people, remarking that, in America, it has been recommended to families

as a means of warming small apartments; and thus we could combine the useful with the beautiful in a novel and charming fashion. While there are many and just doubts as to the value of the pyrophone as a musical instrument, all authorities unite in awarding the inventor every praise for the ingenuity of the method by which he accomplishes the desired production of the sound. M. Figuier, in *L'Année Scientifique*, declares that the pyrophone is one of the most original instruments that science has given to music. M. Tissandier, in *La Nature*, adds to an indorsement of the instrument a novel suggestion as to a double purpose it might be made to serve, in that the chandeliers of a theatre, besides serving to light it, may be converted into an immense musical instrument. With this conflicting testimony before us, it would be the wiser part to suspend judgment until a more complete trial shall determine whether music is to have in the pyrophone an additional instrument of "an extraordinary delicacy and purity," or science a mere "interesting philosophical toy."

The *Railway World* presents several interesting facts regarding the effects of heat and cold on the St.-Louis Bridge, from which we condense as follows: The arches of this bridge are five hundred feet long. In their construction allowances were made for the extremes of temperature through a range of 140°—that is, from the greatest cold in winter to the warmest day in summer. It was calculated that the difference in elevation of the centre arch of the upper chord in these two extremes of temperature would be about eighteen inches. Since these calculations were made, opportunities for actual experiment have been abundant, and have been improved, to test the value of the original calculations, as well as to determine the actual effect of these changes in temperature. The following table gives certain results of these observations, the height here noted being that of the centre pier of the top chord above the City Directrix:

DATE.	Temp. 3 P. M.	Height in Feet.
May 6, 1874.....	69° Fahr.	68.548
June 29, 1874.....	77° Fahr.	68.688
July 20, 1874.....	91° Fahr.	68.757
January 4, 1875.....	10° Fahr.	68.241
January 9, 1875.....	15° Fahr.	68.065

Between the figures for July 20th and those for January 9th, which two days are respectively the warmest and coldest of the year, there is a difference in temperature of 107° Fahr., and in height of centre arch of 0.692 of a foot. This is an effect of temperature much less than calculated, due partly to the fact of the iron-work being painted white, which lessens the absorption of heat in hot weather, and increases the radiation in cold weather, and also the protection afforded by the roof of the bridge. This latter is strikingly exemplified in the fact that the river, while frozen above and below the bridge, has yet been open under it.

The plan for using carbonic-acid gas as an extinguisher of fire in the holds of ships has already been described in these columns. A new and novel method for accomplishing the same result has been recently suggested by a writer in *Les Mondes*. This new agent is sulphurous-acid gas, and the method of its application is as follows: When the presence of the

fire below-decks is discovered, it is proposed to insert through small openings in the scuttles or dividing-walls large brimstone-matches. Owing to its affinity for oxygen, it is asserted that half a hundred-weight of brimstone, when ignited, will extract the oxygen from thirty-five hundred cubic feet of air, thus rendering it unfit to support combustion. It is argued that, in a closed space like a ship's hold, the sulphurous gas produced by the burning brimstone would penetrate where water from the decks could not be brought to bear, and that the density of the gas would induce it to seek the lower portions of the apartments, where its presence would serve to choke out the fire by depriving the surrounding air of its oxygen.

"In a recent paper," says the *English Mechanic*, "M. Prestel has called attention to the fact that the strips of cloud known as polar bands are closely connected with the direction of the winds in the high regions of cirrus-formation, and can therefore be utilized as storm-signals. When a fall of pressure takes place near the region of high pressure, in which the observer may be situated, this is always indicated by the polar bands (when present) converging in direction of the middle of the storm-region. And such convergence may be noticed, even though the barometer is still high and firm. M. Prestel shows this from a number of observations made in 1874. It is a striking fact, disclosed in these observations, that the currents in the upper regions of the atmosphere do not follow Buys Ballot's law; that is to say, in the cirrus-region the air does not move either in cyclones or anti-cyclones; it goes from the place of highest pressure direct to that of lowest pressure, viz., to the centre of the storm-region."

M. G. VINARD proposes a method for protecting vines against the frosts in spring which embodies the idea of smoke as a blanket to secure the earth against the influence of extreme cold. The plan, which is said to have proved successful and to be easy of application, is described as follows: It consists in carefully mixing gas-tar with sawdust and old straw, and piling up this mixture into large heaps in the vineyards. The mixture remains easily inflammable, in spite of rain and weather, for more than a fortnight. When required for use, smaller heaps are made from the large ones, of about two feet in diameter, and are distributed in and round the vineyard. If there is a little wind, these heaps burn freely for about three and a half hours, and produce a very dense smoke. The artificial cloud which thus enwraps the vines considerably decreases the radiation from the ground, and with it counteracts frost, which is greatest toward the morning of calm spring nights, and which does so much harm to the plants.

An interesting fact illustrating the persistent vitality of seeds has recently been literally "brought to light" by Dr. Theodor von Heldreich, Professor of Botany at Athens. It appears that, at the silver-mines of Laurium, the workmen have for some time been engaged in reworking the masses of scoria thrown out by the ancient Greek workmen, and which covered an area of many acres to the depth of three feet. The removal of this refuse has been followed by the growth of a luxuriant crop of *Glauclium* belonging to a hitherto unknown species, and which it is proposed to name the *G. serpiari*. The persistent vitality of the seeds through the interval of fifteen hundred to two thousand years is justly regarded as an interesting fact in physiological

botany, and all the more suggestive as this species of *Glaucium* is not now known to flourish elsewhere.

HAVING once entered the lists as a defender of the spirits, Mr. William Crookes, F. R. S., seems determined to "go the whole figure," science or no science. The *English Mechanic* now announces, "on the authority of Mr. Crookes," that Braham-locks can be opened without keys by spirits. We suppose bad spirits are meant; but even these ought not to take so unfair an advantage of their "pals" who yet remain in the flesh. We may now look out for converts among the fraternity of lock-pickers, who have been compelled to resort to the clumsy agency of false keys and jimmies to accomplish their unworthy purposes.

It is announced that the root of the Brazilian wax-palm—*Opuntia cerifera*—furnishes an excellent medicine for purifying the blood, equaling the sarsaparilla. Under the name "Carnauba-root," this is being imported into England. It is in the form of pieces several feet in length, about half an inch in thickness, and of a mixed grayish and reddish brown color. A claim in its favor is, that its coat is not more than one-half that of sarsaparilla.

PROFESSOR BEASLEY, of the Iowa State Agricultural College, announces that the red-breasted grosbeak is the natural destroyer of the potato-beetle. It is said that this bird is of the few insect-destroying orders that have any relish for this pest, and doubtless its presence will now be courted and its life protected since it has shown itself an earnest ally of the farmer.

DR. VON MICHUCHO MACLAY, the Russian traveler, has returned to Singapore from a journey into the interior of Tavore. The journey occupied fifty days, and much valuable information regarding the habits and disposition of the tribes Jakuns, Oran Rajet, and Oran Utan, was obtained.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

OUR selections from Macready's "Reminiscences and Diaries" last week closed with the termination of the "Reminiscences," which end with 1826. From this period the "Diaries" extend to 1851, beyond which date the narrative is continued by the editor, with the aid of the great actor's correspondence. The "Diaries" are very fragmentary. Many names of distinguished people are mentioned, but very few particulars or anecdotes are given of them. We glean a few passages here and there from these records, as indicative of the social and art life of the man, and as showing by what tireless labor the great results of his life were achieved:

"February 28th (1833).—'Richard III.' Acted naturally and earnestly. April 3d.—'Winter's Tale.' Acted indifferently, violent, and indiscriminate. April 12th.—'Macbeth.' Thought of an improvement in third act. Tenderness to *Lady Macbeth*. May 14th.—Benefit. 'Winter's Tale,' 'Catharine and Petruchio.' Acted with tolerable spirit to the worst benefit-house I ever played before in London,

but thank God for all He gives. May 19th.—'Virginius.' Acted coldly and ill. May 23d.—'Werner.' Acted very well. June 22d.—Read 'Child Harold.' Cannot like the style or sentiment. July 2d.—Read 'Hamlet,' and practised. July 5th.—Read and practised for two hours. July 23th.—Read and practised 'Hamlet' and 'Lear' three hours. July 30th.—Read and practised 'Hamlet' and 'Lear' three and a half hours. In future must give more time to the exercise of my voice and the manner of my voice. October 10th.—Read over *Rolla*. Acted not well—not collected. Why do I not break myself of this horrible habit? October 17th.—Meditated on the nature and end of life, on the beauty and vivifying qualities of the physical world. Who dare say it is undesigned or unsustained?

"January 3d (1833).—My performance this evening of *Macbeth* afforded me a striking evidence of the necessity there is for thinking over my characters previous to playing, and establishing by practice, if necessary, the particular modes of each scene and important passage. I acted with much energy, but could not (as I sometimes can, when holding the audience in rapt attention) listen to my own voice, and feel the truth of its tones. It was crude and uncertain, though spirited and earnest; but much thought is yet required to give an even energy and finished style to all the great scenes of the play, except, perhaps, the last, which is among the best things I am capable of. Knowles is ravished with his own acting, and the supposed success it has met with. I wish I was with mine.

"January 4th.—My acting to-night was coarse and crude—no identification of myself with the scene; and, what increased my chagrin on the subject, some persons in the pit gave frequent vent to indulgent and misplaced admiration. The consciousness of unmerited applause makes it quite painful and even humiliating to me.

"March 20th.—Acted *Werner* with unusual force, truth, and collectedness, finished off each burst of passion, and in consequence entered on the following emotion with clearness and earnestness. The house was miserable.

"May 23th.—I acted *Hamlet*, although with much to censure, yet with a spirit and feeling of words and situations that I think I have never done before. The first act was the best, still, at the exit of the *Ghost* in both scenes and afterward, polish and self-possession are requisite. In the second act, almost general revision. Third act, the soliloquy wants a more entire abandonment to thought, more abstraction. *Ophelia's* scene wants finish, as does the advice to the players. The play-scene was very good, and most of the closet-scene; but in parts my voice is apt to rise, and I become rather too vehement; latter part wants smoothness. End of the play was good. Energy! Energy! Energy!

"June 17th.—My performance of *Wolsey* was, on the whole, the best I had ever given of the part. There are care and concentration of feeling and energy upon some of the striking points particularly needed; but, in the general portraiture, there was more freedom, a more natural and yet more earnest delivery, a less stern and ascetic demeanor and appearance, than I ever before gave to it; above all, I was in possession of myself, and paused with meaning, and therefore with confidence. The applause was great at my entrance and final exit.

"July 28th.—I have begun more seriously this month to apply to the study of my profession, impelled by the necessity which the present state of the drama creates. I do not

feel that I have the talent to recall attention to an art from which amusement cannot be drawn but by an exertion of the intellect. The age is too indolent in part, and in part too highly cultivated. But, while I see the desperate condition to which, at this late period of my life, my profession is reduced, I am not thereby inclined to let my spirits sink under the disheartening prospect. To do my best is still my duty to myself and to my children, and I will do it. I will contend while there is ground to stand on, even with neglect, the bitterest antagonist; and I will try to merit honors if I cannot obtain them. I have resumed my classics, to keep myself prepared for the education of my boy.

"July 30th.—Sat down to Herodotus, and then turned my voluntary studies to Homer, on my darling boy's account, and ended with beginning 'Cicero de Oratore.' In these pursuits, and in the pleasures of the country, I think I could satisfy my desire of happiness. Practised and read professionally, for two hours and a half, 'Lear' and 'Hamlet.' In these labors I must not relax, but I am obliged to goad myself to the task.

"Swansea, August 27th. I went to my first rehearsal of 'Lear,' with which I was much dissatisfied. I am not yet at ease in the character; I have much labor yet to bestow upon it before I can hope to make it such a representation as I am ambitious of. Spent five hours in rehearsing, and left the theatre jaded and worn out.

"October 11th.—In reflecting on *Lear* I began to apprehend that I cannot make an effective character of it. I am oppressed with the magnitude of the thoughts he has to utter, and shrink before the pictures of the character which my imagination presents to me.

"March 18th (1834).—I acted *Werner* languidly. A circumstance in the play amused me a good deal, and at my own expense. I was inconvenienced and rather annoyed by *Ulric* looking on the ground, or anywhere but in my face, as he should have done; my displeasure, however, vanished on seeing the tears fast trickling down his cheek, and, forgiving his inaccuracy on the score of his sensibility, I continued the scene with augmented energy and feeling, and left it with a very favorable impression of the young man's judgment and warm-heartedness. In the course of the play he accosted me, begging my pardon for his apparent inattention to me, and explaining the cause, viz., that he had painted his face so high on the cheek that the color had got into his eyes, and kept them running during the whole act. What an unfortunate disclosure!

"May 23d.—'King Lear' first time. Went on the stage as nervous as the first night I acted in London, without the overbearing ardor that could free me from the thrall of my fears. My performance in the first two acts was so unlike my rehearsal that, although I goaded myself to resistance by suggestions of my own reputation, of my wife and children's claims upon me, still I sank under the idea that it was a failure. In the third act the audience struck me as being interested and attentive, and in the fourth and fifth they broke out into loud applause; the last scene went tamely.

"May 26th.—Rehearsed 'Lear' at Covent Garden. I acted really well, and felt that my audience were under my sway. I threw away nothing, took time, and yet gave force to all that I had to do; above all, my tears were not those of a woman or a driver; they really stained a man's cheeks. In the storm, as indeed throughout, I greatly improved upon

the preceding night. I was frantic with passion, and brought up expectation to the dreadful issue of such a conflict. I lost the great effect of 'every inch a king,' but will be more careful in future. The scene with *Cordelia* and the death were both better than the first night.

"August 1st.—My mind is earnest in the cultivation of my art, and I have accordingly a pleasure in rising early to prosecute my study of it. Perseverance is invincible by any difficulty; the constant revolving of characters in the mind shows us their various phases, and enables us to choose the most luminous. Patience, *alias* indefatigability of mind, I take to be genius, as Montesquieu defines it.

"August 5th.—Studied, or rather mastered, passages of 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' 'Lear.' August 6th.—Began my morning's study with *Hamlet's* soliloquy. August 7th.—Began my professional study with the soliloquy of *Hamlet*, which to give with grace, earnestness, and complete abstraction, I find one of the most difficult tasks I have to master. August 8th.—Renewed my efforts at *Hamlet's* soliloquy, of which, hard as it is, I do not despair. August 9th.—Resumed the eternal soliloquy of *Hamlet*.

"Bath, January 1st (1835).—With gratitude to Almighty God for his past bounties and with prayers for continuance of his mercies to me and mine, I begin this year. That it may please him to let me profit by the experience of those I have lived, and restrain my remaining years within the bounds of temperance and prudence, educating my children in his faith and love and fear, and bequeathing to them, through his mercy, the means of comfort and an honorable example.—Amen.

"June 9th (1835).—Letter from Bulwer at some length, excusing himself from dining here on Sunday. One expression in his letter I disliked—the 'honor of my acquaintance.' My acquaintance can be no honor to such a man as Bulwer, and it almost seems like irony.

"May 30th (1836).—Went to the theatre; the audience was rather noisy through the early scenes, but I was not disposed to yield to them. I do not think that my reception was quite so long as Kemble's, or I did not use sufficient generalship with it; but I acted *Cassius* in my very best style, and made the audience feel it. I was good; I was the character; I felt it. The audience were rapid and vehement in their applause; I was first and most loudly called for at the end of the play. Knowles got through *Brutus* far better than I anticipated; he came into my room and said that I was wonderful. I was certainly pleased with my own performance this evening: it was fresh, characteristic, and majestic. Talfourd came into my room and, among other things, reported the enthusiastic praise of Lady Blessington and D'Orsay of my performance of *Ion*. The praises of Knowles, the barrister, pleased me still more. He told Talfourd he had laughed at the idea of my performing *Ion*; that he hated me ten years since; and that he could not have believed that such an improvement could have taken place in any one. To Forster also he observed how I must have studied.

"October 6th.—Tried to read 'King John,' but, if one has not made one's self master of a character before the day of performance, it is not then to be done; all is chance, and raw, and wild—not artistic-like. Acted in a style very much beneath myself: no identity, no absorbing feeling of character; the house was great, and at the close my dying scene was the best.

"January 2d (1837).—Acted *Lord Hastings* very, very ill indeed, in the worst possible taste and style. I really am ashamed to think of it; the audience applauded, but I deserve some reprobation. I have no right to trifle with any, the least important, character; whatever is good enough to play is good enough to play well, and I could have acted this character very well if I had prepared myself as I should have done.

"May 18th.—Acted *Pythumus* in a most discreditable manner—undigested, unstudied. Oh, it was most culpable to hazard so my reputation! I was ashamed of myself; I trust I shall never so commit myself again.

"November 17th (1838).—Called on Bulwer, and talked over the play of 'Richelieu.' He combated my objections, and acceded to them, as his judgment swayed him; but when I developed the object of the whole plan of alterations he was in ecstasies. I never saw him so excited, several times exclaiming he was 'enchanted' with the plan, and observed, in high spirits, 'What a fellow you are!' He was indeed delighted. I left him the play, and he promised to let me have it in a week.

"February 22d (1839).—Gave my attention to the inquiry as to the possibility of reconciling the character which Bulwer has drawn under the name of *Cardinal Richelieu* with the original from which it so entirely differs."

(From a Letter to Mrs. Pollock.)—"A line in the opening of one of the cantos of Dante—I do not immediately remember it—made a deep impression on me in suggesting to me the dignity of repose; and so a theory became gradually formed in my mind, which was practically demonstrated to me to be a correct one, when I saw Talma act, whose every movement was a change of subject for the sculptor's or the painter's study. Well, as my opinions were thus undergoing a transition, my practice moved in the same direction, and I adopted all the modes I could devise to acquire the power of exciting myself into the wildest emotions of passion, coercing my limbs to perfect stillness. I would lie down upon the floor, or stand straight against a wall, or get my arms within a bandage, and, so pinioned or confined, repeat the most violent passages of *Othello*, *Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, or whatever would require most energy and emotion; I would speak the most passionate bursts of rage under the supposed constraint of *whispering* them in the ear of him or her to whom they were addressed, thus keeping both voice and gesture in subjection to the real impulse of the feeling—'such was my process.' Perhaps, when I have the pleasure of seeing you, I may make myself more intelligible, if you desire further acquaintance with my youthful discipline. I was obliged also to have frequent recourse to the looking-glass, and had two or three large ones in my room to reflect to myself each view of the posture I might have fallen into, besides being under the necessity of acting the passion close to a glass to restrain the tendency to exaggerate its expression—which was the most difficult of all—to repress the ready frown, and keep the features, perhaps I should say the muscles of the face, undisturbed, while intense passion would speak from the eye alone. The easier an actor makes his art appear, the greater must have been the pains it cost him. I do not think it difficult to act like Signora Ristori; it seems to me merely a melodramatic abandonment or lashing-up to a certain point of excitement. It is not so good as Rachel, nor to be compared with such acting as that of Siddons and O'Neill."

The preceding extracts are sufficient to indicate Macready's character, although we have been compelled to omit many passages revealing his fondness for his family, and his delight in his home. We quote a few more extracts of a wider range of interest:

"December 12th (1839).—Went to dine with Talfourd, calling on Dickens, who said he was too ill to accompany me. Dined—Talfourd, Forster, and self. After dinner the conversation turned on plays. I mentioned one I had of a striking character upon a popular subject. Talfourd asked me the title. I told him 'Glencoe.' He questioned me about its possible melodramatic tendency. I told him that the treatment avoided the melodrama of the stage; that the style was an imitation of his writing, but without the point that terminated his speeches; that the story was well managed and dramatic; and that I intended to act it. At last, to my utter astonishment, he pulled out two books from his pocket, and said: 'Well, I will no longer conceal it—it is my play;' and he gave each of us a copy. I never in my life experienced a greater surprise. This play had been presented to me as Mr. Collinson's. Forster affected great indignation and really stormed; I laughed loud and long; it was really a romance to me.

"January 21st (1841).—Called on Dickens and gave him Darley's first copy of 'Ethelstan.' We walked out, called on Rogers; I told him that Chantrey was to see him, and mentioned my proposal of setting the subscription on foot: he readily approved all. Asked Dickens to spare the life of Nell in his story ('Master Humphrey's Clock'), and observed that he was cruel. He blushed, and men who blush are said to be either proud or cruel; he is not proud, and therefore—or, as Dickens added—the axiom is false.

"May 5th.—Obtained Mademoiselle Rachel's address, and called on her after rehearsal. Saw first some male *attachés*, and afterward herself and mother. She is a very engaging, graceful little person, any thing but plain in person, delicate and most intelligent features, a frank, a French manner, synonymous to pleasing. I talked with her some little time; invited her to dine on Sunday, which she accepted; asked her if she would visit the theatre, which she wished to do.

"May 9th.—All were delighted with Rachel; her extreme simplicity, her ingenuousness, earnestness, and the intellectual variation of her sweet and classic features. There was but one feeling of admiration and delight through the whole party at and after dinner.

"July 16th.—Went to the Opera-House to see Rachel in 'Horace.' My opinion of her was very greatly raised. If I might apply a term of distinction to the French acting, I should say it was sculptural in its effect; it resembles figures in relief, no background, and almost all in single figures, scarcely any grouping, no grand composition: this sort of individual effect may be good for the artist, but not for the illusion of a play. With the drawback consequent on this national peculiarity, Rachel in *Camille* was generally admirable. She stood alone, her back turned to her lover or brother, as it might happen, but her feeling was almost always true. In a grand opportunity, 'Courage! ils s'amolissent'—thought her deficient. But in the last scene she was all that a representation of the part could be. It was a splendid picture of frenzied despair.

"April 5th (1842).—To Maclicae, and was very much pleased to see his grand picture of *Hamlet*, which was splendid in color and gen-

eral effect. With some of the details I did not quite agree, particularly the two personages, *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*. Drove to Edwin Landseer's and saw some of his charming works. Went on to Etty, and was delighted with his gorgeous colors and ravishing forms.

"September 2d (1843).—Read the number of 'Chuzzlewit,' the most powerful of the book which Dickens is now employed upon, but as bitter as it is powerful, and against whom is this directed? 'Against the Americans,' is the answer. Against how many of them? How many answer to his description? I am grieved to read the book.

"New York, October 3d.—Dined with Forrest; met a very large party, too large for comfort, but it was most kindly intended. Bryant, with whom I talked very little; Halleck, and Inman the artist, were of the party. Our day was very cheerful; I like all I see of Forrest very much. He appears a clear-headed, honest, kind man; what can be better?

"October 5th.—Longfellow called for me, and we went to dine with Mrs. L. and D. Colden, at the ladies' ordinary. Above one hundred and thirty sat down. Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Willis next to Longfellow. He (N. P. W.) wished to be very civil to me. I was much amused. I looked for the eaters with knives, but detected none. November 14th.—Dined with Longfellow; every thing very elegant. Mrs. L. is a very agreeable woman. November 16th.—Waldo Emerson called, and sat with me a short time.

"October 23d.—Acted *Macbeth* equal, if not superior, as a whole, to any performance I have ever given of the character. . . . The Miss Cushman, who acted *Lady Macbeth*, interested me much. She has to learn her art, but she showed mind and sympathy with me; a novelty so refreshing to me on the stage."

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE gives the following graphic picture of a Dresden interior. He is describing a "flat," as we term it, "the first *Etage*," where dwell the rich foreigners and the German princes:

"We will open the parlor-door. Like all German doors, it opens in the middle, the left half being usually bolted to the floor, and only the right opened and shut. There are several advantages over our system in this arrangement. The doors are less obtrusive. They open with only half as much of a sweep and a flourish, and stand ajar without standing in the way. They are the next best things to curtains: for interior doors are all more or less a relic of barbarism, and latches and locks delay the entrance of the millennium. Heaven has its gates, it is true, but, those once passed, we shall find none in the heavenly mansions; whereas hell is doubtless as full of bolted doors as of burglars.

"Dresden doors, to tell the truth, are almost too yielding for this sinful age. They have a strong bent toward warping. The bolts will not shoot, nor the latches catch, and the door is constantly springing open in a generous, free-hearted way, as much as to exclaim: 'Look through me, everybody! I have nothing to conceal!' In heaven, in summer, or in solitude, this vivacity is a charming trait, but at other times it may be annoying. It is partly compensated by the crevice underneath the door being ordinarily so wide that letters and newspapers, and even slender volumes sometimes, may be slipped through without disturbing the hardly-won attachment of the latch. But in the common event of a sudden gust of

wind all the doors in the house jump open at once, as though a dozen ghostly intruders had forced a preconcerted entrance. The latches, by-the-way, turn by handles instead of round knobs; a trifle, but one of those which lend a foreign flavor.

"The latch gives way, then, and behold the parlor! There is a tall, square, white stove—a permanent feature in all the rooms—drawn up in one corner like the ghost of a family chimney. In the adjoining angle the centre-table is pinning the stiff-backed sofa against the wall, and four rungless chairs are solemnly watching the operation. There are flower-stands in the slimly-curtained windows, and the pallid walls are enriched with half a dozen lithographic portraits of the royal family, and a large engraving of Schiller at Weimar. In another place there is an eruption of small, round, black-rimmed daguerreotypes and photographs of dead or departed relatives—a singularly unattractive collection. Neither these nor the larger pictures are hung; they have apparently broken out of the wall in consequence of the diseased condition of the house, and the breaking-out has not taken place in an even or orderly manner; the frames are all more or less awry, and there is no balancing of one against another. Between the windows is a mirror reaching nearly from floor to ceiling; but, instead of being one sheet of glass, it consists of three or four sections, the line of junction generally contriving to maintain the same level as our line of sight. The floor is of bare boards, painted brownish-yellow and polished—or, in the newer houses, it is parquetry and waxed, so that it reflects the ceiling, and is perilous to walk on. It is seldom left wholly bare, however, unless in the heat of summer; the expanse is tempered with rugs—a large one beneath the table and smaller satellites in various parts of the room. The banishment of full-grown carpets is by no means an unmitigated blunder. The polished floor communicates a sort of dignity to the legs of the chairs and tables, and puts us in mind of French *genre* pictures. If there is dirt anywhere it is immediately visible, and the rugs can be thrashed every day without disordering anything. In winter, a fox or bear skin remedies the coldness of bare boards which summer renders a luxury. Our partiality for Aubussons, fitting snug to the wainscot, is perhaps a prejudice—there may be no more reason for them than for tapestry. Nevertheless, the foot naturally loves to be pressed on softness, and requires artificial training to walk on slipperiness. Turf is a good precedent for carpets, and in discarding them we lose in home-comfort what we gain in hygiene and elegance.

"The windows open on hinges in the same manner as the doors. It is a pleasant, antique fashion—this is the kind of casements from which the ladies of the middle ages were wont to converse with their lovers. They could never have pushed up our modern window, with its uneven grooves and rough-running

cords, nor eloped through it with any grace and dignity. Moreover, nothing is less picturesque than an open window of the modern style; whereas the old casement, standing ajar, forms a picture by itself. In winter a supplementary window is fitted outside the original one, with the good effect of excluding noise as well as cold air. When the north winds blow these exterior fixtures are severely shaken, and from street to street, as the gale rises, we hear the slamming together of loose sashes, there being a fine for any window left open during a storm. A praiseworthy regulation, since, if the glass be broken and fall into the street, it is like to shear off people's fingers and noses; and a couple of years ago, as a man was pointing out to another the road to the railway-station, he suddenly found himself without his hand. A piece of window-pane from the third story of a neighboring house had cleanly amputated it at the wrist.

"It is the mark of a civilized people to pay even more attention to their bodily comfort at night than during the day. Sleep is a mystery which still awaits explanation; but we know it to be the condition of visions which sometimes have a vital influence over our lives. In those visions the veil of the free will is drawn aside, and our naked, unregenerate self stands revealed before our eyes. Pure, upright, and moral though we may be, in sleep we are liable to commit such crimes as the very *Police News* would fear to illustrate.

"Surely, then, it were wise to make ourselves as comfortable in bed as possible, for physical unease communicates itself to the spirit, and a cramped position of the legs increases the activity within us of original sin. It is nearly a miracle, from this point of view, that all Germany is not given over to the Evil One. If their beds were a third part so comfortable as an ordinary coffin, there would be comparatively no ground for complaint. But the coffin is better in every respect, and a dead Saxon sleeps vastly easier than a live one. Were men like jack-knives, they might contrive to fit six feet of stature into four feet of bed-room, and perhaps to lie unmoved beneath an overgrown feather pillow, which combines in itself the functions of sheet, blanket, and counterpane. It is imponderable—that pillow; a sort of ghost of a mattress, but so hot as to suggest any thing but a celestial origin. What are we to think of a people who put up with this sort of thing from year's end to year's end? Can we expect from them gentleness and refinement—an appreciation of fine shadings—a discriminating touch? Can such a people be supposed capable of distinguishing between lying and discretion, between science and quackery, between philosophy and charlatanism, between war and brutality, or even between statesmanship and bullying? They cannot tell why respect is due to women; they are a mingling of the animal with the machine; and I believe the survival-of-the-fittest law to be a libel on their Gothic ancestry.

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